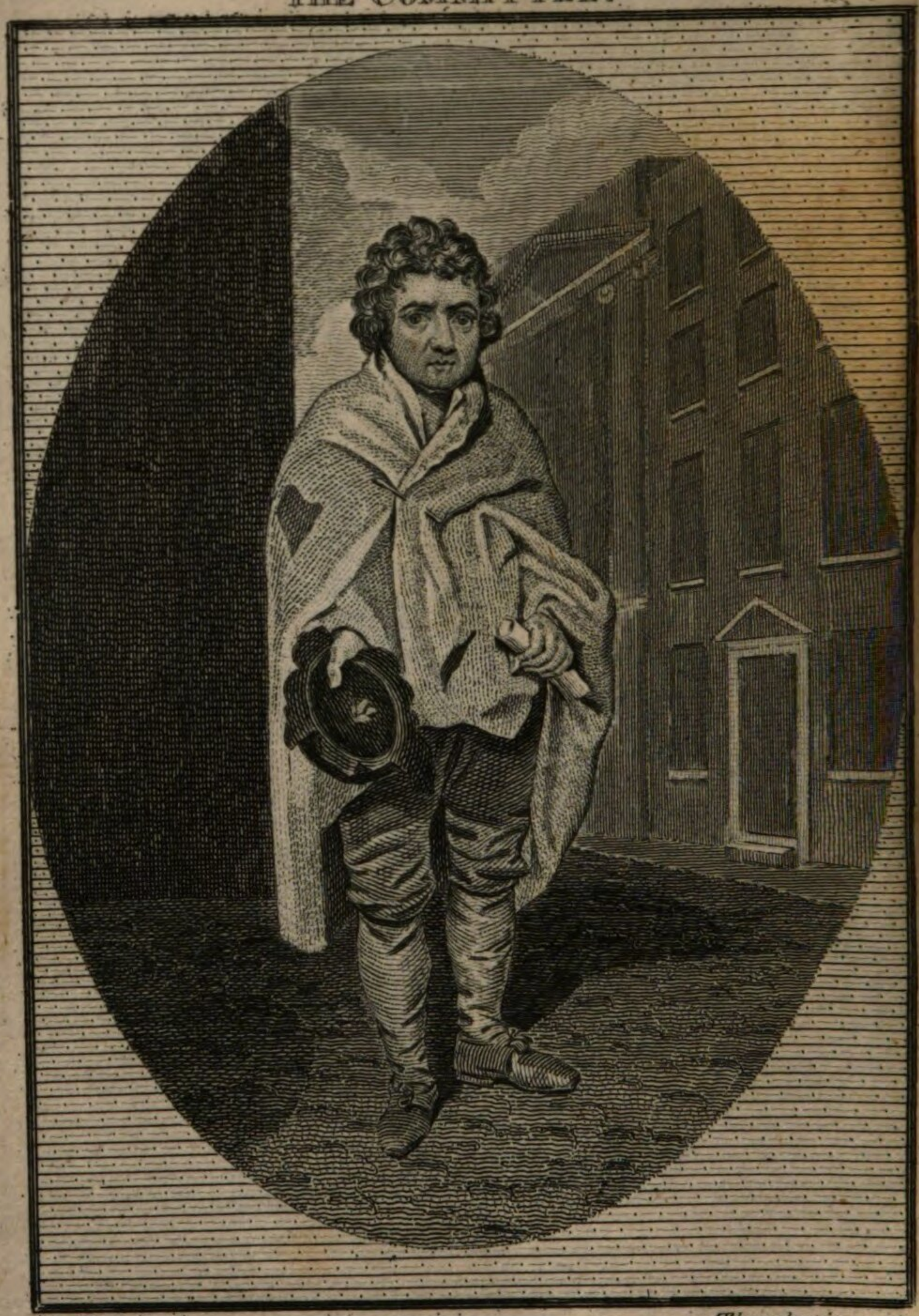
The Committee.



De Wilde pinx.t *Thornthwaite sculp.*

Mr. Rock as Teague

—A poor Irishman, Heaven save me.

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, July 28 1792

THE COMMITTEE,

A

COMEDY,

BY THE HON. SIR R. HOWARD.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

* * The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCII.

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament by J. Boydell Engraver in Cheapside.

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THE COMMITTEE.

ALTHOUGH the days of fanaticism are past, and we have even difficulty to imagine, how in the minds of our ancestors

> " So much hypocrisy and nonsense,
> " Obtain'd th' advowson of their conscience;"

yet this play, unadorned with any brilliancy of either thought or language, gives very much pleasure from the excellence of one character it possesses—— The stiff Puritans as disfigured humanity may be dismissed, but the truth and nature of *Teague* will be admitted and admired, until time shall have changed our impression received of the natives of Ireland.

The honest Irishman of the Sir R. HOWARD, we are told, is no creature of the invention, he was copied from an original, as faithful, and as inconsiderate as himself;—warmly attached to an interest which his very nature incapacitated him from serving:——And when he was sent with intelligence to gladden the heart of a *Parent*, transported himself with joy, he vented it among his own friends in noisy intemperance, and delayed for some days the happiness he was distracted by having to communicate.

PROLOGUE.

TO cheat the most judicious eyes, there be
Ways in all trades, but this of poetry;
Your tradesman shews his ware by some false light,
To hide the faults and slightness from your sight:
Nay, though 'tis full of bracks, he'll boldly swear
'Tis excellent, and so help off his ware.
He'll rule your judgment by his confidence,
Which in a poet you'd call impudence;
Nay, if the world afford the like again,
He swears he'll give it you for nothing then.
Those are words too a poet dares not say;
Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.
—Wou'd 'twere a penn'worth;——but in this you are
Abler to judge than he that made the ware;
However, his design was well enough,
He try'd to shew some newer-fashion'd stuff.
Not that the name Committee can be new,
That has been too well known to most of you:
But you may smile, for you have past your doom;
The poet dares not, his is still to come.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Colonel CARELESS,		Mr. Brereton.
Colonel BLUNT,		Mr. Aickin.
Lieutenant STORY,		Mr. Fawcet.
NEHEMIAH CATCH, JOSEPH BLEMISH, JONATHAN HEADSTRONG, EZEKIEL SCRAPE,	*Committee Men.*	Mr. Waldron, *&c.*
Mr. DAY, *Chairman to the Committee*,		Mr. Baddeley.
ABEL, *Son to Mr.* Day,		Mr. Burton.
OBADIAH, *Clerk to the Committee*,		Mr. Parsons.
TEAGUE,		Mr. Moody.
Tavern-boy,		Mr. Everard.
Bailiff,		Mr. Griffith.
Soldier,		Mr. Blanchard.
Two Chairmen,		Mr. Heath, *&c.*
Gaol-keeper,		Mr. Kear.
A Servant *to Mr.* Day,		
A Stage Coachman,		
Bookseller,		Mr. Carpenter.
Porter,		Mr. Wrighten.

Women.

Mrs. RUTH,	Miss Pope.
Mrs. DAY,	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Mrs. ARBELLA,	Miss Jarrat.
Mrs. CHAT,	Mrs. Cartwright.

SCENE, *London.*

THE COMMITTEE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. DAY, *brushing her hoods and scarfs, Mrs.* ARBELLA, *Mrs.* RUTH, *Colonel* BLUNT, *and a* Stage-Coachman.

Mrs. Day.

Now, out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things consider'd, 'tis better travelling in the winter; especially for us of the better sort, that ride in coaches. And yet, to say truth, warm weather is both pleasant and comfortable: 'tis a thousand pities that fair weather should do any hurt.—Well said, honest coachman, thou hast done thy part! My son Abel paid for my place at Reading, did he not?

Coach. Yes, an't please you.

Mrs. Day. Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

Coach. By my whip, 'tis a groat of more than ordinary thinness.—Plague on this new gentry, how liberal they are. [*Aside.*] Farewell, young mistress; fare-

well, gentlemen. Pray when you come by Reading, let Toby carry you. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Day. Why how now, Mrs. Arbella! What, sad! Why, what's the matter?

Arb. I am not very sad.

Mrs. Day. Nay, by my honour, you need not, if you knew as much as I. Well——I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough; you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so—if you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an eye, that my son Abel means to take care of you in your composition, and will needs have you his guest. Ruth and you shall be bedfellows. I warrant, that same Abel many and many a time will wish his sister's place; or else his father ne'er got him.——Though I say it, that should not say it, yet I do say it——'tis a notable fellow——

Arb. I am fallen into strange hands, if they prove as busy as her tongue—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. And now you talk of this same Abel, I tell you but one thing:——I wonder that neither he nor my husband's honour's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my son Abel has been here two hours before us; 'Tis the veriest Princox; he will ever be galloping, and yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his appearances. He never stole this trick of galloping; his father was just such another before him, and would gallop with the best of 'em: he, and Mrs. Busie's husband, were

counted the best horsemen in Reading——ay, and Berkshire to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mr. Busie, but in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a coach; my own is at present, in disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this;——but I warrant you, if his honour, Mr. Day, chairman of the honourable committee of sequestrations, should know that his wife rode in a stage-coach, he would make the house too hot for some.——Why, how is't with you, sir? What, weary of your journey?

[*To the Colonel.*

Blunt. Her tongue will never tire. [*Aside.*]——So many, mistress, riding in the coach, has a little distemper'd me with heat.

Mrs. Day. So many, sir! why there were but six—What would you say if I should tell you that I was one of the eleven that travell'd at one time in one coach?

Blunt. O, the devil; I have given her a new theme.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. Why, I'll tell you—Can you guess how 'twas?

Blunt. Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter, I do believe it.

Mrs. Day. Look you, thus it was; there was, in the first place, myself, and my husband I should have said first, but his honour would have pardon'd me if he had heard me; Mr. Busie that I told you of, and his wife; the mayor of Reading and his wife; and

this Ruth that you see there, in one of our laps—but now, where do you think the rest were?

Blunt. A top o' th' coach, sure.

Mrs. Day. Nay, I durst swear you would never guess—why—would you think it; I had two growing in my belly, Mrs. Busie one in hers, and Mrs. Mayoress of Reading a chopping boy, as it proved afterwards, in hers, as like the father as if it had been spit out of his mouth; and if he had come out of his mouth, he had come out of as honest a man's mouth as any in forty miles of the head of him: for, would you think it? at the very same time, when this same Ruth was sick, it being the first time the girl was ever coach'd, the good man, Mr. Mayor, I mean, that I spoke of, held his hat for the girl to ease her stomach in.——

Enter ABEL, *and* OBADIAH.

—O, are you come? Long look'd for comes at last. "What—you have a slow set pace, as well as your "hasty scribble, sometimes:" Did you not think it fit, that I should have found attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon; for I do profess unto your ladyship, I had attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel, demurr'd me by his delays.

Mrs. Day. Well, son Abel, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not quite, guess your business; pro-

viding for the entertainment of one I have in my eye. Read her and take her:——Ah, is't not so?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my care, forsooth.

Mrs. Day. Will you never leave your forsooths? Art thou not ashamed to let the clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding, than his master's son?

Abel. If it please your honour, I have some business for your more private ear.

Mrs. Day. Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable condition has that gentleman been in! faith I pity him.

Arb. Are you so apt to pity men?

Ruth. Yes, men that are humoursome, as I would children that are froward; I would not make them cry on purpose.

Arb. Well, I like his humour, I dare swear he's plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough of all conscience; faith, I'll speak to him.

Arb. Nay, pr'ythee don't: he'll think thee rude.

Ruth. Why then I'll think him an ass.——How is't after your journey, sir?

Blunt. Why, I am worse after it.

Ruth. Do you love riding in a coach, sir?

Blunt. No, forsooth, nor talking after riding in a coach.

Ruth. I should be loath to interrupt your meditations, sir: we may have the fruits hereafter.

Blunt. If you have, they shall break loose spite of my teeth.—This spawn is as bad as the great pike. [*Aside.*

Arb. Pr'ythee peace!——Sir, we wish you all happiness.

Blunt. And quiet, good sweet ladies——I like her well enough.——Now would not I have her say any more, for fear she should jeer too, and spoil my good opinion. If 'twere possible, I would think well of one woman.

Mrs. Day. Come, Mrs. Arbella, 'tis as I told you, Abel has done it; say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel; I profess, she may venture to take thee for better for worse. Come, Mistress, the honourable committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewell, sir. [*Exit all but* Blunt.

Blunt. How! the committee ready to sit! Plague on their honours; for so my honour'd lady, that was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a day after the fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been must compound for their having been rascals. Well, I must go look a lodging, and a solicitor: I'll find the arrantest rogue I can, too: for, according to the old saying, set a thief to catch a thief.

Enter Colonel CARELESS, *and* Lieutenant.

Care. Dear Blunt, well met; when came you, man?

Blunt. Dear Careless, I did not think to have met

thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your servant, I am landed just now, man.

Care. Thou speak'st as if thou had'st been at sea.

Blunt. It's pretty well guess'd; I have been in a storm.

Care. What business brought thee?

Blunt. May be the same with yours; I am come to compound with their honours.

"*Care.* That's my business too. Why, the com-
" mittee sits suddenly.

" *Blunt.* Yes, I know it; I heard so in the storm I
" told thee of."

Care. What storm, man?

Blunt. Why, a tempest, as high as ever blew from woman's breath. I have rode in a stage coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a committee-man's wife; his name is Day; and she accordingly will be call'd, your honour, and your ladyship; " with a tongue that wags as much faster than all " other women's, as in the several motions of a watch, " the hand of the minute moves faster than that of " the hour." There was her daughter, too; but a bastard, without question: for she had no resemblance to the rest of the notch'd rascals, and very pretty, and had wit enough to jeer a man in prosperity to death.——There was another gentlewoman, and she was handsome; nay, very handsome; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

Care. Pr'ythee how, man?

Blunt. Why, she began with two or three good

words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

Care. Thou wert not so mad.

Blunt. I had been mad if I had not—But when we came to our journey's end, there met us two such formal and stately rascals, that yet pretended religion and open rebellion, ever painted: they were the hopes and guide of the honourable family; viz. the eldest son, and the chiefest clerk, rogues—and hereby hangs a tale.—This gentlewoman, I told thee, I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing, is a rich heiress of one that died in the king's service, and left his estate under sequestration. This young chicken has this kite snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest rascal.

Care. What a dull fellow wert thou, not to make love, and rescue her.

Blunt. I'll woo no woman.

Care. Wouldst thou have them court thee? A soldier, and not love a siege!—How now, who art thou?

Enter TEAGUE.

Teague. A poor Irishman, Heav'n save me, and save all your three faces; give me a thirteen.

Care. I see thou wouldst not lose any thing for want of asking.

Teague. I cann't afford it.

Care. Here, I am pretty near; there's sixpence for thy confidence.

Teague. By my troth it is too little, give me another sixpence-halfpenny, and I'll drink your healths.

Care. How long hast thou been in England?

Teague. Ever since I came here, and longer too, faith.

Care. What hast thou done since thou cam'st into England?

Teague. Serv'd Heav'n, and St. Patrick, and my good sweet king, and my good sweet master; yes, indeed.

Care. And what dost thou do now?

Teague. Cry for them every day, upon my soul.

Care. Why, where's thy master?

Teague. He's dead, mastero, and left poor Teague. Upon my soul, he never serv'd poor Teague so before in all his life.

Care. Who was thy master?

Teague. E'en the good colonel Danger.

Care. He was my dear and noble friend.

Teague. Yes, that he was, and poor Teague's too.

Care. What dost thou mean to do?

Teague. I will get a good master, if any good master will get me: I cannot tell what to do else, by my soul; for I went to one Lilly's; he lives at that house, at the end of another house, by the maypole house, and tells every body by one star, and t'other star, what good look they shall have; but he could not tell nothing for poor Teague.

Care. Why, man?

Teague. Why, 'tis done by the stars and the plant-

ers; and he told me there were no stars for Irishmen. I told him there was as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too; and if a good master cannot get me, I will run into Ireland, and see if the stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back, and beat his pate, if he will not then tell me some good look, and some stars.

Care. Poor fellow! I pity him; I fancy's he's simply honest.—Hast thou any trade?

Teague. Bo, bub bub bo! a trade, a trade! an Irishman with a trade! an Irishman scorns a trade; his blood is too thick for a trade. I will run for thee forty miles; but I scorn to have a trade.

Blunt. Alas, poor simple fellow!

Care. I pity him; nor can I endure to see any man miserable that can weep for my prince and friend. Well, Teague, what sayest thou if I will take thee?

Teague. Why, I say you could not do a better thing.

Care. Thy master was my dear friend; wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

Teague. Yes, upon my soul, that I was; and I did howl over him, and I ask'd him why he died, but the devil burn the word he said to me; and i'faith I staid kissing his sweet face, 'till the rogues came upon me, and took all away from me, and left me nothing but this mantle; I have never any victuals, neither, but a little snuff.

Care. Come, thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy master.

Teague. That I will, if you will be good to poor Teague.

Care. Now, to our business; for I came but last night myself; and the lieutenant and I were just going to seek a solicitor.

Blunt. One may serve us all; what say you, lieutenant, can you furnish us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a heifer of their own.

Care. Now I think on't, Blunt, why didst thou not begin with the committee-man's cow.

Blunt. Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so, that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dar'd lark.

Lieu. But, hark you, gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting dose to be swallow'd first; there's a covenant to be taken.

Teague. Well, what is that covenant? By my soul I will take it for my new master.

Care. Thank thee, Teague.——A covenant, say'st thou?

Teague. Well, where is that covenant?

Care. We'll not swear, lieutenant.

Lieu. You must have no land, then.

Blunt. Then, farewell acres, and may the dirt choak 'em.

Care. 'Tis but being reduc'd to Teague's equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can teach one this cheap diet of snuff.

Teague. Oh, you shall have your bellyful of it.

Lieu. Come, gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor house, where you shall lodge: for, know, I am married to a most illustrious person, that had a kindness for me.

Care. Pr'ythee, how didst thou light upon this good fortune?

Lieu. Why, you see there are stars in England, tho' none in Ireland. Come, gentlemen, time calls us; you shall have my story hereafter.

[*Exit* Blunt *and Lieutenant.*

Care. Come, Teague; however, I have a suit of clothes for thee; thou shalt lay by thy blanket for some time. It may be, thee and I may be reduc'd together to thy country fashion.

Teague. Upon my soul, joy, I will carry thee to my little estate in Ireland.

Care. Hast thou got an estate?

Teague. By my soul, and I have; but the land is of such a nature, that if you had it for nothing, you would scarce make your money of it.

Care. Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. DAY *and Mrs.* DAY.

Mr. Day. Welcome, sweet duck; I profess thou hast brought home good company, indeed; money and money's worth: if we can but now make sure of this heiress, Mrs. Arbella, for our son Abel.

Mrs. Day. If we can! you are ever at your *ifs*; you're afraid of your own shadow; I can tell you one

if more, that is, *if* I did not bear you up, your heart would be down in your breeches at every turn. Well, if I were gone—there's another *if* for you.

Mr. Day. I profess thou sayest true; I should not know what to do indeed. I am beholden to thy good counsel for many a good thing; I had ne'er got Ruth, nor her estate, into my fingers else.

Mrs. Day. Nay, in that business too, you were at your *ifs*. Now, you see she goes currently for our own daughter; and this Arbella shall be our daughter too, or she shall have no estate.

Mr. Day. If we could but do that, wife!

Mrs. Day. Yet again at your *ifs?*

Mr. Day. I have done, I have done; to your counsel, good duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. Day. You may, well enough; you find the sweet on't; and, to say truth, 'tis known too well that you rely upon it. In truth, they are ready to call me the committee-man; they well perceive the weight that lies upon me, husband.

Mr. Day. Nay, good duck, no chiding now, but to your counsel.

Mrs. Day. In the first place, (observe how I lay a design in politics) d'ye mark? counterfeit me a letter from the king, where he shall offer you great matters to serve him and his interest under-hand. Very good; and in it let him remember his kind love and service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you somebody. Then promise them, if they'll be true friends to you, to live and die with

them, and refuse all great offers; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the composition of Arbella's estate into your own power, upon your design of marrying her to Abel.

Mr. Day. Excellent.

Mrs. Day. Mark the luck on't too, their names sound alike; Abel and Arbella, they are the same to a trifle, it seemeth a providence.

Mr. Day. Thou observest right, duck, thou canst see as far into a millstone as another.

Mrs. Day. Pish! do not interrupt me.

Mr. Day. I do not, good duck, I do not.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the concatenation of my discourse. Then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That language is understood amongst you, I take it, ha?

Mr. Day. Yes, yes, we use those items often.

Mrs. Day. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. Day. I do not, good wife.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do. By this means get her composition put wholly into your hands; and then, no Abel, no land—But, in the mean time, I would have Abel do his part too.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay, there's a want; I found it.

Mrs. Day. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. Day. Why, that's true, duck, he is too backward; if I were in his place, and as young as I have been——

Mrs. Day. O, you'd do wonders! But, now I think

on't, there may be some use made of Ruth; 'tis a notable witty harlotry.

Mr. Day. Ay, and so she is, duck; I always thought so.

Mrs. Day. You thought so, when I told you I had thought on't first.——Let me see——It shall be so; we'll set her to instruct Abel, in the first place; and then to incline Arbella; they are hand and glove; and women can do much with one another.

Mr. Day. Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts.

Mrs. Day. Pray, call her in; you thought of that too, did you not?

Mr. Day. I will, duck. Ruth! why, Ruth!

Enter RUTH.

Ruth. Your pleasure, sir?

Mr. Day. Nay, 'tis my wife's desire, that——

Mrs. Day. Well, if it be your wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. D'ye hear, Ruth; you may do a business that may not be the worse for you. You know I use but few words.

Ruth. What does she call a few? [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. Look you now, as I said, to be short, and to the matter; my husband and I do design this Mrs. Arbella for our son Abel, and the young fellow is not forward enough. You conceive? Pr'ythee, give him a little instructions how to demean himself, and in what manner to speak, which we call address, to her; "for women best know what will please wo-"men." Then, work on Arbella on the other side;

work, I say, my poor girl; no more, but so. You know my custom is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little; you sha'n't repent it.

Mr. Day. And I say something too, Ruth.

Mrs. Day. What need you? Don't you see it all said already to your hand? What sayest thou, girl?

Ruth. I shall do my best—— I would not lose the sport for more than I'll speak of. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. Go, call Abel, good girl. [*Exit* Ruth.] By bringing this to pass, husband, we shall secure ourselves, if the king should come; you'll be hanged else.

Mr. Day. Oh, good wife, let's secure ourselves by all means. There's a wise saying: 'Tis good to have a shelter against every storm. I remember that.

Mrs. Day. You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

Enter RUTH, *with* ABEL.

Mr. Day. O, son Abel, d'ye hear——

Mrs. Day. Pray hold your peace, and give every body leave to tell their own tale—D'ye hear, son Abel, I have formerly told you that Arbella would be a good wife for you; a word's enough to the wise; some endeavours must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your sister Ruth, to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her directions, as you'll answer the contrary; be confident, and put home. Ha, boy, hadst thou but thy mother's pate. Well, 'tis but a folly to

talk of that that cannot be! Be sure you follow your sister's directions.

Mr. Day. Be sure, boy.—Well said, duck, I say.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs.* Day.

Ruth. Now, brother Abel.

Abel. Now, sister Ruth.

Ruth. Hitherto he observes me punctually. [*Aside.*] Have you a month's mind to this gentlewoman, Mrs. Arbella?

Abel. I have not known her a week yet.

Ruth. O, cry you mercy, good brother Abel. Well, to begin then, you must alter your posture, "and by "your grave and high demeanor, make yourself ap- "pear a hole above Obadiah; lest your mistress "should take you for such another scribble-scrabble "as he is;" and always hold up your head as if it were bolster'd up with high matters; your hands join'd flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

Abel. Must I go apace, or softly?

Ruth. O, gravely, by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty considerations—so—Very well. Now, to apply our prescription. Suppose, now, that I were your mistress, Arbella, and met you by accident—Keep your posture—so—and when you come just to me, start like a horse that has spy'd something on one side of him, and give a little gird out of the way, declaring that you did not see her before,

by reason of your deep contemplations. Then you must speak. Let's hear.

Abel. Save you, mistress.

Ruth. O, fie, man! you should begin thus: Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so buried that I did not see you:——and then, as she answers, proceed. I know what she'll say, I am so used to her.

Abel. This will do well, if I forget it not.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you could not see me.

Ruth. Better sport than I expected. [*Aside.*] Very well done, you're perfect. Then she will answer, Sir, I suppose you are so busied with state affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

Abel. No, forsooth, I have some profound contemplations, but no state affairs.

Ruth. O, fie, man! you must confess that the weighty affairs of state lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a burthen you must bear; and then shrug your shoulders.

Abel. Must I say so? I am afraid my mother will be angry, for she takes all the state matters upon herself.

Ruth. Pish! Did she not charge you to be ruled by me? Why, man, Arbella will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with

parliament-men, and committee-men: how should she hope for any good by you else in her composition?

Abel. I apprehend you now; I shall observe.

Ruth. 'Tis well; at this time I'll say no more: put yourself in your posture——so——Now go look your mistress; I'll warrant you the town's our own.

Abel. I go. [*Exit* Abel.

Ruth. Now I have fixed him, not to go off till he discharges on his mistress. I could burst with laughing.

Enter ARBELLA.

Arb. What dost thou laugh at, Ruth?

Ruth. Didst thou meet my brother Abel.

Arb. No.

Ruth. If thou hadst met him right, he had played at hard head with thee.

Arb. What dost thou mean?

Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to woo, by command of my superiors; and have instructed him to hold up his head so high, that of necessity he must run against every thing that comes in his way.

Arb. Who is he to woo?

Ruth. Even thy own sweet self.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted; I'll not spoil the sport by telling thee any thing before-hand. They have sent to Lilly; and his learning being built upon knowing what most people would have him say,

he has told them for a certain, that Abel shall have a rich heiress; and that must be you.

Arb. Must be?

Ruth. Yes, committee-men can compel more than stars.

Arb. I fear this too late. You are their daughter, Ruth.

Ruth. I deny that.

Arb. How!

Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your confidence in me.

Arb. You amaze me.

Ruth. Pray do not wonder, nor suspect——When my father, Sir Basil Thoroughgood, died, I was very young, "not above two years old:" 'tis too long to tell you how this rascal, being a trustee, catch'd me and my estate, "being the sole heiress unto my fa-"ther, into his gripes;" and now for some years has confirmed his unjust power by the unlawful power of the times. I fear they have designs as bad as this on you. You see I have no reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much clearness. Let us love and assist one another.——Would they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill-fortune to fall into such hands, foolishly enticed by fair words and large promises of assistance.

Ruth. Peace!

Enter OBADIAH.

Ob. Mrs. Ruth, my master is demanding your company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. Arbella; you will find them in the parlour. The Committee being ready to sit, calls upon my care and circumspection to set in order the weighty matters of state for their wise and honourable inspection. [*Exit.*

Ruth. We come. Come, dear Arbella, never be perplex'd; cheerful spirits are the best bladders to swim with: if thou art sad, the weight will sink thee. Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their daughter. Another time thou shalt know all particulars of my strange story.

Arb. Come, wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our humours; they shall be free still.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter TEAGUE.

Teague.

I'FAITH, my sweet master has sent me to a rascal; I have a great mind to go back and tell him so. He asked me, why he could not send one that could speak English. Upon my soul, I was going to give him an Irish knock. The devil's in them all, they will not

talk with me. I will go near to knock this man's pate, and that man Lilly's pate too——that I will: I will teach them prate to me. [*One cries books within.*] How now, what noises are that?——

Enter Bookseller.

Book. New books, new books! A desperate plot and engagement of the bloody cavaliers! Mr. Saltmarsh's alarum to the nation, after having been three days dead! Mercurius Britannicus, &c.

Teague. How's that? They cannot live in Ireland after they are dead three days!

Book. Mercurius Britannicus, or the Weekly Post; or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teague. What is that you say? Is it the covenant you have?

Book. Yes; what then, sir?

Teague. Which is that covenant?

Book. Why, this is the covenant.

Teague. Well, I must take that covenant.

Book. You take my commodities?

Teague. I must take that covenant, upon my soul now.

Book. Stand off, sir, or I'll set you further.

Teague. Well, upon my soul now, I will take that covenant for my master.

Book. Your master must pay me for't then?

Teague. I must take it first, and my master will pay you afterwards.

Book. You must pay me now——

Teague. Oh, that I will—[*Knocks him down.*] Now you're paid, you thief o' the world. Here's covenants enough to poison the whole nation. [*Exit.*

Book. What a devil ails this fellow? [*Crying.*] He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two pennyworth of lamentable ware away; but I feel the rascal's fingers. I may light upon my wild Irishman again, and if I do, I will fix him with some catchpoles that shall be worse than his own country bogs. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel CARELESS, *Colonel* BLUNT, *and Lieutenant* STORY.

Lieu. And what say you, noble colonels? How, and how d'ye like my lady? I gave her the title of Illustrious, from those illustrious commodities which she deals in, hot water and tobacco.

Care. Pr'ythee, how cam'st thou to think of marrying?

Lieu. Why, that which hinders other men "from "those venereal conditions," prompted me to matrimony, hunger and cold, colonel.

"*Care.* Which you destroyed with a fat woman, "strong water, and stinking tobacco.

"*Lieu.* No, faith, the woman conduced but little; "but the rest could not be purchased without.

"*Care.* She's beholden to you.

"*Lieu.* For all your mocking, she had been ruined "if it had not been for me.

"*Care.* Pr'ythee, make but that good.

"*Lieu.* With ease, sir——Why, look you, you "must know she was always a most violent cavalier, "and of a most ready and large faith; abundance of "rascals had found her soft place, and perpetually "would bring her news, news of all prices; they "would tell her news from half-a-crown to a gill of "hot water, or a pipe of the worst mundungus. "I have observ'd their usual rates; they would bor-"row half-a-crown upon a story of five thousand men "up in the north; a shilling upon a town's revolting; "sixpence upon a small castle, and consume hot wa-"ter and tobacco, whilst they were telling news of "arms conveyed into several parts, and ammunition "hid in cellars; that at the last, if I had not mar-"ried, and blown off these flies, she had been abso-"lutely consumed.

"*Care.* Well, lieutenant, we are beholden to you "for these hints; we may be reduced to as bad." See where Teague comes. Goodness, how he smiles. Why so merry, Teague?

Enter TEAGUE *smiling.*

Teague. I have done a thing for you indeed.

Care. What hast thou done, man?

Teague. Guess.

Care. I cann't.

Teague. Why, then, guess again—I have taken the covenant.

Care. How came you by it?

Teague. Very honestly; I knocked a fellow down in the street, and took it from him.

Care. Was there ever such a fancy? Why, didst thou think this was the way to take the covenant?

Teague. I am sure it is the shortest, and the cheapest way to take it.

Blunt. I am pleased yet with the poor fellow's mistaken kindness; I dare warrant him honest, to the best of his understanding.

Care. This fellow, I prophesy, will bring me into many troubles by his mistakes: I must send him on no errand but, How d'ye: and to such as I would have no answer from again.—Yet his simple honesty prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come, gentlemen, time calls——How now, who's this?

Enter OBADIAH, *and four persons more with papers.*

Care. I am a rogue if I have not seen a picture in hangings walk as fast.

Blunt. 'Slife, man, this is that good man of the committee family that I told thee of, the very clerk; how the rogue's loaded with papers!—Those are the winding-sheets to many a poor gentleman's estate. 'Twere a good deed to burn them all.

Car. Why, thou art not mad?——Well met, sir; pray do not you belong to the committee of sequestrations?

Ob. I do belong to that honourable committee, who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the work.

Blunt. Oh, plague! what work, ras——

Car. Pr'ythee be quiet, man—Are they to sit presently?

Ob. As soon as I can get ready, my presence being material. [*Exit.*

Car. What, wert thou mad? Wouldst thou have beaten the clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the rascals, his masters?

Blunt. The sight of any of the villains stirs me.

Lieu. Come, colonels, there's no trifling, let's make haste, and prepare your business; let's not lose this sitting. Come along, Teague. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARBELLA *at one door*, ABEL *at another, as if he saw her not, and starts when he comes to her, as* Ruth *had taught him.*

Arb. What's the meaning of this? I'll try to steal by him.

Abel. Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid that you could not see me.

Arb. This is a set form——they allow it in every thing, but their prayers.

Abel. Now you should speak, forsooth.

Arb. "Ruth, I have found you; but I'll spoil the "dialogue." [*Aside.*]——What should I say, sir?

Abel. What you please, forsooth.

Arb. Why, truly, sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

Enter RUTH, *as over-hearing them, and peeps.*

Ruth. This is lucky.

Abel. No, forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

Arb. Why, sir, would your mother be angry if you should?

Abel. No, no, quite contrary——I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty affairs lie heavy upon my neck and shoulder. [*Shrugs.*

Arb. Would he were tied neck and heels.——— This is a notable wench: look where the rascal peeps too; if I should beckon to her she'd take no notice; she is resolved not to relieve me. [*Aside.*

Abel. Something I can do, and that with somebody; that is, with those that are somebodies.

Arb. Whist, whist, [*Beckons to* Ruth, *and she shakes her head.*] Pr'ythee, have some pity. O, unmerciful girl!

Abel. I know parliament-men, and sequestrators; I know committee-men, and committee-men know me.

Arb. You have great acquaintance, sir?

Abel. Yes, they ask my opinion, sometimes——

Arb. What weather 'twill be. Have you any skill, sir?

Abel. When the weather is not good, we hold a fast.

Arb. And then it alters?

Abel. Assuredly.

Arb. In good time——No mercy, wench?

Abel. Our profound contemplations are caused by the consternation of our spirits for the nation's good; we are in labour.

Arb. And I want a deliverance.—Hark ye, Ruth, take off your dog, or I'll turn bear indeed.

Ruth. I dare not; my mother will be angry.

Arb. O, hang you.

Abel. You shall perceive that I have some power, if you please to——

Arb. O, I am pleased, sir, that you should have power! I must look out my hoods and scarfs, sir; 'tis almost time to go.

Abel. If it were not for the weighty matters of state which lie upon my shoulders, myself would look them.

Arb. O, by no means, sir; 'tis below your greatness——Some luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

Enter Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. Day. Why, how now, Abel? Got so close to Mrs. Arbella; so close indeed! nay, then I smell something. Well, Mr. Abel, you have been so us'd to secresy in counsel and weighty matters, that you have it at your fingers' ends. Nay, look ye, mistress, look ye, look ye; mark Abel's eyes: ah, there he looks. Ruth, thou art a good girl; I find Abel has got ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, till I saw your honour first enter: but I have overheard all.

Mrs. Day. And how has Abel behaved himself, wench, ha?

Ruth. O, beyond expectation! "If it were lawful, "I'd undertake he'd make nothing to get as many "women's good-wills as he speaks to;" he'll not need much teaching; you may turn him loose.

Arb. O, this plaguy wench!

Mrs. Day. Say'st thou so, girl? It shall be something in thy way; a new gown, or so; it may be a better penny. Well said, Abel, I say; I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy mother's at last:——But I had forgot, the committee are near upon sitting. Ha, Mistress, you are crafty; you have made your composition beforehand. Ah, this Abel's as bad as a whole committee; take that item from me. Come, make haste, call the coach, Abel. Well said, Abel, I say. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Day *and* Abel.

"*Arb.* We'll fetch our things and follow you. "Now, wench, canst thou ever hope to be forgiven?

"*Ruth.* Why, what's the matter?

"*Arb.* The matter! Couldst thou be so unmerci- "ful, to see me practised on, and pelted at, by a "blunderbuss charged with nothing but proofs, "weighty affairs, spirit, profound contemplation, and "such like?

"*Ruth.* Why, I was afraid to interrupt you; I "thought it convenient to give you what time I "could, to make his young honour your friend.

"*Arb.* I am beholden to you: I may cry quittance.

" *Ruth.* But did you mark Abel's eyes? Ah, there
" were looks!

" *Arb.* Nay, pr'ythee give off; my hour's ap-
" proaching, and I cann't be heartily merry till it be
" past. Come, let's fetch our things; her ladyship's
" honour will stay for us.

" *Ruth.* I'll warrant ye, my brother Abel is not in
" order yet; he's brushing a hat almost a quarter of
" an hour, and as long a driving the lint from his
" black clothes, with his wet thumb,

" *Arb.* Come, pr'ythee hold thy peace, I shall
" laugh in's face else, when I see him come along.
" Now for an old shoe. [*Exeunt.*

A Table set out. The Committee, and OBADIAH *ordering books and papers.*

Ob. Shall I read your honours' last order, and give you the account of what you last debated?

Mr. Day. I first crave your favours, to communicate an important matter to this honourable board, in which I shall discover unto you my own sincerity, and zeal to the good cause.

1 *Com.* Proceed, sir.

Mr. Day. The business is contained in this letter: 'tis from no less a man than the king; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit here. Is it your pleasures that our clerk should read it?

2 *Com.* Yes, pray give it him.

Ob. [*Reads.*] 'Mr. Day, *we have received good intelligence of your great worth and ability, especially in state-*

matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any preferment, or honour, that you shall desire, if you will become my intire friend. Pray remember my love and service to your discreet wife, and acquaint her with this; whose wisdom, I hear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wise consideration, I remain,

Your friend, C. K.

2 *Com.* C. K.!

Mr. Day. Ay, that's for the king.

2 *Com.* I suspect—[*Aside.*] Who brought you this letter?

Mr. Day. Oh, fie upon't! my wife forgot that particular. [*Aside.*]——Why, a fellow left it for me, and shrunk away when he had done. I warrant you, he was afraid I should have laid hold on him. You see, brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my reward; and I have now a business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an occasion.

2 *Com.* This letter was counterfeited certainly.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Day. But first be pleased to read your last order.

2 *Com.* What does he mean? That concerns me.

[*Aside.*

Ob. The order is, that the composition arising out of Mr. Lashley's estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable Mr. Nathaniel Catch, for and in respect of his sufferings and good service.

Mr. Day. It is meet, very meet; we are bound in duty to strengthen ourselves against the day of trouble, when the common enemy shall endeavour to raise commotions in the land, and disturb our new-built Zion.

"2 *Com.* Then I'll say nothing, but close with "him: we must wink at one another.—I receive "your sense of my services with a zealous kindness. "Now, Mr. Day, I pray you propose your business."

Mr. Day. I desire this honourable board to understand, that my wife being at Reading, and to come up in the stage-coach; it happened that one Mrs. Arbella, a rich heiress of one of the cavalier party, came up also in the same coach. Her father being newly dead, and her estate before being under sequestration, my wife, who has a notable pate of her own, (you all know her) presently cast about to get her for my son Abel; and accordingly invited her to my house; where, though time was but short, yet my son Abel made use of it. They are without, "as I "suppose: but before we call them in, I pray let us "handle such other matters as are before us.

"1 *Com* Let us hear then what estates besides lie "before us, that we may see how large a field we "have to walk in.

"2 *Com.* Read.

"*Ob.* One of your last debates was upon the plea "of an infant, whose estate is under sequestration.

"*Mr. Day.* And fit to be kept so till he comes of "age, and may answer for himself; that he may not

" be in possession of the land till he can promise he
" will not turn to the enemy.

" *Ob.* Here is another of almost the like nature;
" an estate before your honours under sequestration.
" The plea is, that the party died without any offer
" of taking up arms; but in his opinion he was for
" the king. He has left his widow with child, which
" will be the heir; and his trustees complain of
" wrong, and claim the estate.

" 2 *Com.* Well, the father, in his opinion, was a
" cavalier?

" *Ob.* So it is given in.

" 2 *Com.* Nay, 'twas so, I warrant you; and there's
" a young cavalier in his widow's belly; I warrant
" you that too; for the perverse generation in-
" creaseth. I move, therefore, that their two estates
" may remain in the hands of our brethren here, and
" fellow-labourers, Mr. Joseph Blemish, and Mr.
" Jonathan Headstrong, and Mr. Ezekiel Scrape,
" and they to be accountable at our pleasures; where-
" by they may have a godly opportunity of doing
" good for themselves.

" *Mr. Day.* Order it, order it.

" 3 *Com.* Since it is your pleasures, we are content
" to take the burthen upon us, and be stewards to
" the nation.

" 2 *Com.* Now verily it seemeth to me that the
" work goeth forward, when brethren hold together
" in unity.

" *Mr. Day.* Well, if we have now finished, give

"me leave to tell you my wife is without," together with the gentlewoman that is to compound. She will needs have a finger in the pie.

"3 *Com.* I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. "Day wait so long."

Mr. Day. We may not neglect the public for private respects. I hope, brethren, that you will please to cast the favour of your countenances upon Abel.

2, 3 *Com.* You wrong us to doubt it, brother Day. Call in the compounders.

Ob. Call in the compounders.

Por. Come in the compounders.

Enter Mrs. DAY, ABEL, ARBELLA, RUTH; *and after them the* Colonels *and* TEAGUE; *they give the Door-keeper something, who seems to scrape.*

Mr. Day. Come, duck, I have told the honourable committee that you are one that will needs endeavour to do good for this gentlewoman.

2 *Com.* We are glad, Mrs. Day, that any occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. Day. I thank your honours. I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your eyes.

Mr. Day. Come on, son Abel, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your honours full of profound contemplations for this gentlewoman.

Arb. 'Slife, he's at's lesson, wench.

[*Aside to* Ruth.

Ruth. Peace—Which whelp opens next? Oh, the wolf is going to bark. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. May it please your honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my son Abel has settled his affections on this gentlewoman, and desires your honours' favour to be shewn unto him in her composition.

2 *Com.* Say you so, Mrs. Day? Why the Committee have taken it into their serious and pious consideration; together with Mr. Day's good service upon some knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. Day. That was the letter I invented. [*Aside.*

2 *Com.* And the composition of this gentlewoman is consigned to Mr. Day; that is, I suppose, to Mr. Abel, and so consequently to the gentlewoman. You may be thankful, mistress, for such good fortune; your estate's discharged, Mr. Day shall have the discharge.

Blunt. O, damn the vultures! [*Aside.*

Care. Peace, man. [*Aside.*

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a woman can be a delinquent, I desire to know my public censure, not to be left in private hands.

2 *Com.* Be contented, gentlewoman; the Committee does this in favour of you. We understand how easily you can satisfy Mr. Abel; you may, if you please, be Mrs. Day.

Ruth. And then, good night to all. [*Aside.*

Arb. How, gentlemen! Are you private marriage-jobbers? D'ye make markets for one another?

2 *Com.* How's this, gentlewoman?

Blunt. A brave, noble creature! [*Aside.*

Care. Thou art smitten, Blunt; that other female too, methinks, shoots fire this way. [*Aside.*

Teague. Take care she don't burn your wig.

Mrs. Day. I desire your honours to pardon her incessant words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 *Com.* Gentlewoman, the Committee, for Mrs. Day's sake, passes by your expressions; "you may "spare your pains, you have the Committee's reso-"lution;" you may be your own enemy, if you will.

Arb. My own enemy!

Ruth. Pr'ythee, peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways. [*Aside.*

2 *Com.* Come on, gentlemen! What's your case? [*To the colonels.*

Ruth. Arbella, there's the downright cavalier that came up in the coach with us.——On my life, there's a sprightly gentleman with him.

[*While they speak, the colonels pull the papers out, and deliver 'em.*

Care. Our business is to compound for our estates; of which here are the particulars, which will agree with your own survey.

Teague. And here's the particulars of Teague's estate, forty cows, and the devil a bull amongst them.

Ob. The particulars are right.

Mr. Day. Well, gentlemen, the rule is two years purchase; the first payment down, the other at six months end, and the estate to secure it.

Care. Can you afford it no cheaper?

2 *Com.* 'Tis our rule.

Care. Very well; 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful debts.

2 *Com.* But, gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the covenant. You have not taken it yet, have you?

Care. No.

Teague. Upon my shoul, but he has now: I took it for him, and he has taken it from me, "that he "has."

"*Ruth.* What sport are we now like to have?"

2 *Com.* What fellow's that?

Care. A poor simple fellow, that serves me. Peace, Teague.

Teague. Why, did not I knock the fellow down?

2 *Com.* Well, gentlemen, it remains whether you'll take the covenant?

Teague. Why he has taken it.

Care. This is strange, and differs from your own principle, to impose on other men's consciences.

Mr. Day. Pish, we are not here to dispute; we act according to our instructions, and we cannot admit any to compound without taking it; therefore your answer.

Teague. Was it for nothing I took the——

Care. Hold your tongue. No, we will not take it.

Much good may it do them that have swallows large enough; 'twill work one day in their stomachs.

Blunt. The day may come, when those that suffer for their consciences and honour may be rewarded.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay, you make an idol of that honour.

Blunt. Our worships then are different: you make that your idol which brings you interest; we can obey that which bids us lose it.

Arb. Brave gentlemen! [*Aside.*

Ruth. I stare at 'em till my eyes ache. [*Aside.*

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, you are men of dangerous spirits. Know, we must keep our rules and instructions, lest we lose what Providence hath put into our hands.

Care. Providence! such as thieves rob by.

2 *Com.* What's that, sir? Sir, you are too bold.

Care. Why, in good sooth, you may give losers leave to speak; I hope your honours, out of your bowels of compassion, will permit us to talk over our departing acres.

Mr. Day. It is well you are so merry.

Care. O, ever whilst you live, clear souls make light hearts? faith, would I might ask one question?

2 *Com.* Swear not then.

Care. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbours' goods, there's a Rowland for your Oliver.

Teague. There's an Oliver for your Rowland, take that till the pot boils.

Care. My question is only, which of all you is to

have our estates: or will you make traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 *Com.* You grow abusive.

Blunt. No, no, 'tis only to intreat the honourable persons that will be pleased to be our house-keepers, to keep them in good reparations; we may take possession again without the help of the covenant.

2 *Com.* You'll think better on't, and take this covenant.

Care. We will be as rotten first as their hearts that invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, Arbella, we'll have these two men; there are not two such again to be had for love nor money.

Mr. Day. Well, gentlemen, your follies light upon your own heads; we have no more to say.

Care. Why then hoist sails for a new world——

Teague. Ay, for old Ireland.

Care. D'ye hear, Blunt, what gentlewoman is that?

Blunt. 'Tis their witty daughter I told thee of.

Care. I'll go speak to 'em; I'd fain convert that pretty covenanter.

Blunt. Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

Care. Lady, I hope you'll have that good fortune not to be troubled with the covenant.

Arb. If they do, I'll not take it.

Blunt. Brave lady! I must love her against my will—

Care. For you, pretty one, I hope your portion will be enlarged by our misfortunes. Remember your benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your estates, I could afford you as good a thing.

Care. Without taking the covenant?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another oath.

Care. Upon your lips?

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

Blunt. Pr'ythee, come! Is this a time to spend in fooling?

Care. Now have I forgot every thing.

Blunt. Come, let's go.

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, void the room.

Care. Sure, 'tis impossible that kite should get that pretty merlin.

Blunt. Come, pr'ythee let's go; these muck-worms will have earth enough to stop their mouths with one day.

Care. Pray use our estates husband-like, and so our most honourable bailiffs, farewell. [*Exit.*

Teague. Ay, bumbaily rascals——

Mr. Day. You are rude. Door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

Por. Come forth, ye there; this is not a place for such as you.

Teague. Devil burn me, but ye are a rascal, that you are.

Por. And, please your honours, this profane Irishman swore an oath at the door, even now, when I would have put him out.

2 *Com.* Let him pay for't.

Por. Here, you must pay, or lie by the heels.

Teague. What, must I pay by the heels? I will not pay by the heels. Master, ubbub boo!

Enter CARELESS.

Care. What's the matter?

Teague. This gander-fac'd gag says I must pay by the heels.

Care. What have you done?

Teague. Only swore a bit of an oath.

Care. Here's a shilling, pay for't, and come along.

Teague. Well, I have not curs'd, how much had that been?

Por. That had been but sixpence.

Teague. Och, If I had but one sixpence halfpenny in the world, but I would give it for a curse to ease my stomach on you. My money is like a wild colt, I am oblig'd to drive it up in a corner to catch it. I have hold of it by the scruff of the neck. Here Mister, there's the shilling for the oath. And there's the sixpence halfpenny for you, for the curse, beforehand; and now, my curse, and the curse of Cromwell, light upon you all, you thieves, you.

[*Knocks down the Porter, and exit.*

" *Ruth.* Hark ye, Arbella; 'twere a sin not to love
" these men.

" *Arb.* I am not guilty, Ruth."

Mrs. Day. Has this honourable board any other command?

2 *Com.* Nothing farther, good Mrs. Day.—Gentle-

woman, you have nothing to care for, but be grateful and kind to Mr. Abel.

Arb. I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

Mrs. Day. The gentlewoman needeth no doubt, she shall suddenly perceive the good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. Day. I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their order, and they must now be private.

2 *Com.* Nay, pray, mistress, withdraw. [*Exeunt all but the Committee.*] "So, brethren, we have finished "this day's work; and let us always keep the bonds "of unity unbroken, walking hand in hand, and "scattering the enemy.

"*Mr. Day.* You may perceive they have spirits ne-"ver to be reconcil'd; they walk according to na-"ture, and are full of inward darkness.

"2 *Com.* It is well, truly, for the good people, that "they are so obstinate, whereby their estates may of "right fall into the hands of the chosen, which truly "is a mercy."

Mr. Day. I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn till Monday. "Take up the papers "there, and bring home to me their honours order "for Mrs. Arbella's estate. So, brethren, we sepa-"rate ourselves to our particular endeavours, 'till we "join in public on Monday, two of the clock;" and so peace remain with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel CARELESS, *Colonel* BLUNT, *and Lieutenant* STORY.

Lieutenant.

BY my faith, a sad story. I did apprehend this covenant would be the trap.

Care. Never did any rebels fish with such cormorants; no stoppage about their throats; the rascals are all swallow.

" *Blunt.* Now am I ready for any plot: I'll go find " some of those agitants, and fill up a blank commis- " sion with my name. And if I can but find two or " three gather'd together, they are sure of me; I " will please myself, however, with endeavouring to " cut their throats.

" *Care.* Or do something to make them hang us, " that we may but part on any terms."

Enter TEAGUE.

How now, Teague! what says the learned——

Teague. Well then, upon my shoul, the man in the great cloak, with the long sleeves, is mad, that he is.

Care. Mad, Teague!

Teague. Yes i' faith is he; he said, I was sent to make game of him.

Care. Why, what didst thou say to him?

Teague. I ask'd him if he would take any counsel.

Care. 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'dst him. Why, thou shouldst have ask'd him when we might have come for counsel.

Teague. Well, that is all one, is it not? If he would take any counsel, or you would take any counsel, is not that all one then?

Care. Was there ever such a mistake?

Blunt. Pr'ythee never be troubled at this; we are past counsel. If we had but a friend amongst them, that could but slide us by this covenant.

Care. Nothing anger'd me so, as that my old kitchen-stuff acquaintance turn'd her head another way, and seem'd not to know me.

Blunt. How! kitchen-stuff acquaintance!

Care. Mrs. Day, that commanded the party in the stage-coach, was my father's kitchen-maid, and in days of yore was called Gillian.

Lieu. Hark ye, colonel; what if you did visit this translated kitchen-maid?

Teague. Well, how is that? a kitchen-maid! where is she now?

Blunt. The lieutenant advises well.

Care. Nay, stay, stay; in the first place, I'll send Teague to her, to tell her I have a little business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

Blunt. We shall have Teague mistake again.

Teague. I will not mistake the kitchen-maid. Whither must I go now, to mistake that kitchen-maid?

Care. But, d'ye hear, Teague? you must take no notice of that, upon thy life; but, on the contrary, at every word you must say, your ladyship, and your honour. As for example, when you have made a leg, you must begin thus: My master presents his service to your ladyship, and having some business with your honour, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon your ladyship. [Teague *turns his back on the Colonel.*] Blockhead, you must not turn your back.

Teague. Oh, no, sir, I always turn my face to a lady——But was she your father's kitchen-maid?

Care. Why, what then?

Teague. Upon my shoul, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I would not have a mind to do it.

Care. Not for a hundred pounds, Teague; you must be sure to set your countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

Teague. If I should think then of any kettles, spits, or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen, I should laugh then, should I not?

Care. Not for a thousand pounds, Teague; thou may'st undo us all.

Teague. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I I will keep my mouth if I can, that I will, from running to one side, and t'other side. Well, now, where does this Mrs. Tay live.

Lieu. Come, Teague, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the house, that thou may'st not mistake that, however.

Teague. Shew me the door, and I'll find the house myself.

Care. Pr'ythee do, lieutenant.

Teague. O, sir, what is Mrs. Tay's name?

" *Care.* Have a care, Teague; thou shalt find us in " the Temple." [*Exeunt Lieut. and* Teague.] " Now, " Blunt, have I another design.

" *Blunt.* What further design canst thou have?

" *Care.* Why, by this means I may chance to see " these women again, and get into their acquaintance.

" *Blunt.* With both, man?

" *Care.* 'Slife, thou art jealous; dost love either of " 'em?

" *Blunt.* Nay, I cann't tell; all is not as 'twas.

" *Care.* Like a man that is not well, and yet knows " not what ails him.

" *Blunt.* Thou art something near the matter: but " I'll cure myself with considering, that no woman " can ever care for me.

" *Care.* And why, pr'ythee?

" *Blunt.* Because I can say nothing to them.

" *Care.* The less thou canst say, they'll like thee " the better; she'll think 'tis love that has ham- " string'd thy tongue. Besides, man, a woman cann't " abide any thing in the house should talk, but she " and her parrot. What, is it the cavalier girl thou " lik'st?

" *Blunt.* Canst thou love any of the other breed?

" *Care.* Not honestly—yet I confess that ill-begot- " ten, pretty rascal never look'd towards me, but she

" scatter'd sparks as fast as kindling charcoal; thine's
" grown already to an honest flame. Come, Blunt,
" when Teague comes we will resolve on something.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ARABELLA *and* RUTH.

" *Arb.* Come, now, a word of our own matters.
" How dost thou hope to get thy estate again?

" *Ruth.* You shall drink first; I was just going to
" ask you how you would get yours again. You are
" as fast, as if you were under covert-baron.

" *Arb.* But I have more hopes than thou hast.

" *Ruth.* Not a scruple more, if there were but
" scales that could weigh hopes; for these rascals
" must be hang'd, before either of us shall get
" our own. You may eat and drink out of yours, as
" I do, and be a sojourner with Abel.

" *Arb.* I am hamper'd; but I'll not entangle my-
" self with Mr. Abel's conjugal cords—Nay, I am
" more hamper'd than thou thinkest; for if thou art
" in as bad a case as I, (you understand me) hold up
" thy finger.

" *Ruth.* Behold! Nay, I'll ne'er forsake thee. [Ruth
" *holds up her finger.*] If I were not smitten, I would
" persuade myself to be in love, if 'twere but to bear
" thee company.

" *Arb.* Dear girl! Hark ye, Ruth, the composition-
" day made an end of all; all's gone.

" *Ruth.* Nay, that fatal day put me into the condi-

" tion of a compounder too; there was my heart
" brought under sequestration.

" *Arb.* That day, wench!

" *Ruth.* Yes, that very day, with two or three for-
" cible looks, 'twas driven an inch, at least, out of
" its old place. Sense or reason cann't find the way
" to't now.

" *Arb.* That day, that very day! If you and I
" should like the same man?

" *Ruth.* Fie upon't! as I live thou mak'st me start.
" Now dare not I ask which thou lik'st.

" *Arb.* Would they were now to come in, that we
" might watch one another's eyes, and discover by
" signs. I am not able to ask thee, neither.

" *Ruth.* Nor I to tell thee. Shall we go ask Lilly
" which it is?

" *Arb.* Out upon him! Nay, there's no need of
" stars; we know ourselves, if we durst speak.

" *Ruth.* Pish! I'll speak; if it be the same, we'll
" draw cuts.

" *Arb.* No: hark ye, Ruth, do you act them both,
" for you saw their several humours, and then watch
" my eyes where I appear most concern'd. I cann't
" dissemble, for my heart.

" *Ruth.* I dare swear that will hinder thee to dis-
" semble, indeed—Come, have at you, then; I'll
" speak as if I were before the honourable rascals.
" And first, for my brave, blunt colonel, who, hating
" to take the oath, cry'd out, with a brave scorn
" (such as made thee in love, I hope) hang yourselves,

" rascals; the time will come, when those that dare
" be honest, will be rewarded. Don't I act him
" bravely? Don't I act him bravely?

" *Arb.* O, admirably well! Dear wench, do it once
" more.

" *Ruth.* Nay, nay, I must do the other now.

" *Arb.* No, no; this once more, dear girl, and I'll
" act the other for thee.

" *Ruth.* No, forsooth, I'll spare your pains; we are
" right; no need of cuts; send thee good luck with
" him I acted; and wish me well with my merry co-
" lonel, that shall act his own part.

" *Arb.* And a thousand good lucks attend thee. We
" have sav'd our blushes admirably well, and reliev'd
" our hearts from hard duty—But mum, see where
" the mother comes, and with her, her son, a true
" exemplification or duplicate of the original Day.
" Now for a charge.

Enter Mrs. DAY, *and* ABEL.

" *Ruth.* Stand fair; the enemy draws up."

Mrs. Day. Well, Mrs. Arbella, I hope you have consider'd enough by this time; you need not use so much consideration for your own good; you may have your estate, and you may have Abel, and you may be worse offer'd—Abel, tell her your mind? ne'er stand, shilly, shally—Ruth, does she incline, or is she wilful?

Ruth. I was just about the point, when your honour interrupted us—One word in your ladyship's ear.

" *Abel.* You see, forsooth, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me; you see I can prevail; therefore, pray, say what I shall trust to; for I must not stand shilly, shally.

Arb. You are hasty, sir.

Abel. I am called upon by important affairs; and therefore I must be bold, in a fair way, to tell you that it lies upon my spirits exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-posset drink is very good against the heaviness of the spirit.

Abel. Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my meaning.

Arb. You do, I hope, sir; and 'tis no matter, sir, if one of us know it.

Enter TEAGUE.

Teague. Well now, who are all you?

Arb. What's here, an Irish elder, come to examine us all?

Teague. Well, now, what is your names, every one?

Ruth. Arbella, this is a servant to one of the colonels; upon my life, 'tis the Irishman that took the covenant the right way.

Arb. Peace, what should it mean?

Teague. Well, cannot some of you all say nothing, without speaking?

Mrs. Day. Why, how now, sauce-box! what would you have? What, have you left your manners without? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

Teague. What should I fetch, now?

Mrs. Day. D' you know who you speak to, sirrah?

Teague. Yes, I do; and it is little my own mother thought I should speak to the like of you.

Abel. You must not be so saucy unto her honour.

Teague. Well, I will knock you down, if you be saucy, with my hammer.

Ruth. This is miraculous.

Teague. Is there none of you that I must speak to, now?

Arb. Now, wench, if he should be sent to us. [*Aside.*

Teague. Well, I would have one Mrs. Tay speak unto me.

Mrs. Day. Well, sirrah, I am she; what's your business?

Teague. O, are you there? With yourself, Mrs. Tay —Well, I will look well first, and I will set my face, and tell her my message. [*Aside.*

" *Ruth.* How the fellow begins to mould himself.

" *Arb.* And tempers his chops, like a hound that " has lapp'd before his meat was cold enough.

" *Ruth.* He looks as if he had some gifts to pour " forth; those are Mr. Day's own white eyes, before " he begins to say grace. Now for a speech rattling " in his kecher, as if his words stumbled in their way.

Teague. " Well, now I will tell thee, i'faith." My master, the good colonel Careless, bid me ask thy good ladyship——Upon my soul, now, the laugh will come upon my mouth, in spite of me.

[*He laughs always when he says ladyship, or honour.*

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, sirrah! What, were you sent to abuse me?

Ruth. As sure as can be. [*Aside.*

Teague. I do not abuse thy good honour—I cannot help my laugh now. I will try again, now; I will not think of a kitchen, nor a dripping-pan, nor a mustard-pot—My master would know of your ladyship——

Mrs. Day. Did your master send you to abuse me, you rascal? By my honour, sirrah——

Teague. Why do you abuse yourself, now, joy?

Mrs. Day. How, sirrah! Do I mock myself? This is some Irish traitor.

Teague. I am no traitor, that I am not; I am an Irish rebel. You are cozen'd now.

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, sirrah, I will make you know who I am—An impudent Irish rascal!

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous fellow, and of a bold, seditious spirit

Mrs. Day. You are a bloody rascal, I warrant ye.

Teague. You are a foolish, brabble-bribble woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of affairs, must punish your sauciness.

Teague. And we that are at the tail of affairs will punish your sauciness.

Mrs. Day. Ye rascally varlet, get out of my doors.

Teague. Will not I give you my message, then?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, rascal.

Teague. I pr'ythee let me tell my message.

Mrs. Day. Get you out, I say.

Teague. The devil burn your ladyship, and honourship, and kitchenship. [*Exit.*

" *Arb.* Was there ever such a scene? 'Tis impos-
" sible to guess any thing.

" *Ruth.* Our colonels have don't, as sure as thou
" livest, to make themselves sport; being all the re-
" venge that is in their power. Look, look, how her
" honour struts about, like a beast stung with flies."

Mrs. Day. How the villain has distemper'd me! Out upon't too, that I have let the rascal go unpunish'd. And you [*To* Abel.] can stand by, like a sheep; run after him then, and stop him. I'll have him laid by the heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me. Call help as you go. Make haste, I say. [*Exit* Abel.

Ruth. 'Slid, Arbella, run after him, and save the poor fellow for sake's sake; stop Abel, by any means, that he may 'scape.

Arb. Keep his dam off, and let me alone with the puppy. [*Exit.*

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. Day. 'Uds my life, the rascal has heated me! —Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done— A saucy villain!

Ruth. But I must needs acquaint your honour with one thing first, concerning Mrs. Arbella.

Mrs. Day. As soon as ever I have done. Is't good news, wench?

Ruth. Most excellent! If you go out, you may

spoil all. Such a discovery I have made, that you will bless the accident that anger'd you.

Mrs. Day. Quickly then, girl.

Ruth. When you sent Abel after the Irishman, Mrs. Arbella's colour came and went in her face; and at last, not able to stay, she slunk away after him, for fear the Irishman should hurt him; she stole away, and blush'd the prettiest.

Mrs. Day. I protest he may be hurt indeed. I'll run myself too.

Ruth. By no means, forsooth, "nor is there any "need on't; for she resolv'd to stop him before he "could get near the Irishman. She has done it, upon "my life; and if you should go out, you might spoil "the kindest encounter that the loving Abel is ever "like to have.

"*Mrs. Day.* Art sure of this?"

Ruth. If you do not find she has stopt him, let me ever have your hatred. Pray, credit me.

"*Mrs. Day.* I do, I do believe thee. Come, we'll "go in, where I use to read; there thou shalt tell "me all the particulars, and the manner of it. I "warrant 'twas pretty to observe.

"*Ruth.* O, 'twas a thousand pities you did not "see't: when Abel walk'd away so bravely, and "foolishly, after this wild Irishman, she stole such "kind looks from her own eyes; and having robb'd "herself, sent them after her own Abel; and then"—

Mrs. Day. Come, good wench; I'll go in, and hear all at large. It shall be the best tale thou hast

told these two days. Come, come, I long to hear all. Abel, for his part, needs no help by this time. Come, good wench. [*Exit.*

" *Ruth.* So far I am right. Fortune, take care for " future things." [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel BLUNT, *as taken by Bailiffs.*

Blunt. At whose suit, rascals?

1 *Bail.* You shall know that time enough.

Blunt. Time enough, dogs! Must I wait your leisures?

1 *Bail.* O, you are a dangerous man! 'Tis such traitors as you that disturb the peace of the nation.

Blunt. Take that, rascal. [*Kicking him.*] If I had any thing at liberty, besides my foot, I would bestow it on you.

1 *Bail.* You shall pay dearly for this kick before you are let loose, and give good special bail. Mark that, my surly companion; we have you fast.

Blunt. 'Tis well, rogues; you caught me conveniently. Had I been aware, I would have made some of your scurvy souls my special bail.

" 1 *Bail.* O, 'tis a bloody-minded man! I'll war- " rant ye, this vile cavalier has eat many a child.

" *Blunt.* I could gnaw a piece or two of you, " rascals."

Enter Colonel CARELESS.

Care. How is this! Blunt in hold! You catchpole,

let go your prey, or——[*Draws, and* Blunt, *in the scuffle, throws up one of their heels, gets a sword, and helps to drive them off.*

1 *Bail.* Murder, murder!

Blunt. Faith, Careless, this was worth thanks. I was fairly going.

Care. What was the matter, man?

Blunt. Why, an action or two for free quarter, now made trover and conversion. Nay, I believe we shall be sued with an action of trespass for every field we have marched over; and be indicted for riots, for going at unseasonable hours, above two in a company.

Enter TEAGUE, *running.*

Care. Well, come, let's away.

Teague. Now, upon my shoul, run as I do; the men in red coats are running too, and they cry murder, murder! I never heard such a noise in Ireland in all my life.

Care. 'Slife, we must shift several ways. Farewell. If we 'scape, we meet at night; I shall take heed now.

Teague. Shall I tell Mrs. Tay's message.

Care. O, good Teague, no time for messages.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

A Noise within. Enter Bailiffs and Soldiers.

1 *Bail.* This way, this way! Oh, villains! My neighbour Swash is hurt dangerously. Come, good soldiers, follow, follow.

Enter CARELESS *and* TEAGUE *again.*

Care. I am quite out of breath, and the blood-hounds are in a full cry upon a burning scent: plague on 'em, what a noise the kennels make! What door's this, that graciously stands a little open? What an ass am I to ask? Teague, scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this door, there you shall find me. Now, by your favour, landlord, as unknown. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Mrs. DAY *and* OBADIAH.

Mrs. Day. It was well observed, Obadiah, to bring the parties to me first. 'Tis your master's will that I should, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In truth, in truth, I have too great a burthen upon me; yet, for the public good, I am content to undergo it.

Ob. I shall, with sincere care, present unto your honour, from time to time, such negociations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your honour's inspection.

Mrs. Day. It will become you so to do. You have the present that came last?

Ob. Yes, and please your honour; the gentlewoman, concerning her brother's release, hath also sent in a piece of plate.

Mrs. Day. It's very well.

Ob. But the man without, about a bargain of the king's land, is come empty.

Mrs. Day. Bid him begone; I'll not speak with him. He does not understand himself.

Ob. I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As* Obadiah *goes out, Col.* Careless *meets him, and tumbles him back.*

Mrs. Day. Why, how now? What rude companion's this? What would you have? What's your business? What's the matter? Who sent you? Who d'you belong to? Who——

Care. Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all these interrogatories. You see I resolve to be your companion. I am a man; there's no great matter; nobody sent me; nor I belong to nobody. I think I have answer'd to the chief heads.

Mrs. Day. Thou hast committed murder for aught I know. How is't, Obadiah?

Care. Ha! what luck have I, to fall into the territories of my old kitchen acquaintance. I'll proceed upon the strength of Teague's message, tho' I had no answer. [*Aside.*

Ob. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear has bruised some intellectuals within my stomach.

Mrs. Day. Go in, and take some Irish slat, by way of prevention, and keep yourself warm. [*Exit* Ob.] Now, sir, have you any business, that you came in so rudely, as if you did not know who you came to? How came you in, Sir Royster? Was not the porter at the gate?

Care. No, truly; the gate kept itself, and stood

gaping, as if it had a mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. Day. Did it so, sir? And what have you to say?

Care. Ay, there's the point. Either she does not, or will not know me. What should I say? How dull am I? Pox on't, this wit is like a common friend, when one has need of him, he won't come near one.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. Sir, are you studying for an invention? For aught I know you have done some mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

Care. So, that's well; 'twas pretty to fall into the head quarters of the enemy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. Nay, 'tis e'en so; I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

Care. Stay, thou mighty states-woman; I did but give you time to see if your memory would but be so honest as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. Day. What do you mean, sauce-box?

Care. There's a word yet of thy former employments; that sauce. You and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. Day. I do not use to have acquaintance with cavaliers.

Care. Nor I with committee-men's utensils; "but "*in diebus illis*, you were not honourable, nor I a ma- "lignant." Lord, lord, you are horribly forgetful. "Pride comes with godliness and good clothes." What, you think I should not know you because you are disguised with curled hair and white gloves?

Alas! I know you as well as if you were in your sabbath-day's cinnamon waistcoat, "with a silver edging "round the skirt."

Mrs. Day. How, sirrah?

Care. And with your fair hands bath'd in lather; or with your fragrant breath driving the fleeting ambergrease off from the waving kitchen-stuff.

Mrs. Day. Oh, you are an impudent cavalier! I remember you now indeed; but I'll———

Care. Nay, but hark you, the now honourable, non obstante past conditions; did I not send my footman, an Irishman, with a civil message to you? Why all this strangeness, then?

Mrs. Day. How, how, how's this! Was't you that sent that rascal to abuse me, was't so?

Care. How now! What, matters grow worse and worse!

Mrs. Day. I'll teach you to abuse those that are in authority. Within, there! who's within?

Care. 'Slife, I'll stop your mouth, if you raise an alarm. [*She cries out, he stops her mouth.*

Mrs. Day. Stop my mouth, sirrah! whoo, whoo, ho!

Care. Yes, stop your mouth. What, are you good at a who-bub, ha?

Enter RUTH.

Ruth. What's the matter, forsooth?

Mrs. Day. The matter! Why, here's a rude cavalier has broke into my house; 'twas he too, that

sent the Irish rascal to abuse me too, within my own walls. Call your father, that he may grant order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous fellow.

Care. Nay, good, pretty gentlewoman, spare your motion.——What must become of me? Teague has made some strange mistake. [*Aside.*

Ruth. 'Tis he! what shall I do? Now, invention be equal to my love. [*Aside.*] Why, your ladyship will spoil all. I sent for this gentleman, and enjoin'd him secresy, even to you yourself, till I had made his way. O, fie upon't, I am to blame; but, in truth, I did not think he would have come these two hours.

Care. I dare swear she did not; I might very probably not have come at all.

Ruth. How came you to come so soon, sir? 'Twas three hours before you appointed.

Care. Hey-day! I shall be made believe I came hither on purpose presently. [*Aside.*

Ruth. 'Twas upon a message of his to me, and please your honour, to make his desires known to your ladyship that he had consider'd on it, and was resolv'd to take the covenant, and give you five hundred pounds to make his peace, and bring his business about again, that he may be admitted in his first condition.

Care. What's this?——D'ye hear, pretty gentlewoman?

Ruth. Well, well, I know your mind; I have done your business.

Mrs. Day. Oh, his stomach's come down.

Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me; I warrant the five hundred pounds, and— [*Whispers.*

Care. Now I have found it; this pretty wench has a mind to be left alone with me, at her peril. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. I understand thee—Well, sir, I can pass by rudeness, when I am inform'd there was no intention of it. I leave you and my daughter to beget a right understanding. [*Exit Mrs.* Day.

Care. We should beget sons and daughters sooner. What does all this mean? [*Aside.*

Ruth. I am sorry, sir, that your love for me should make you thus rash.

Care. That's more than you know; but you had a mind to be left alone with me, that's certain.

Ruth. 'Tis too plain, sir; you'd ne'er have run yourself into this danger else.

Care. Nay, now you're out; the danger run after me.

Ruth. You may dissemble.

Care. Why, 'tis the proper business here; but we lose time; you and I are left to beget a right understanding. Come, which way?

Ruth. Whither?

Care. To your chamber or closet.

Ruth. But I am engaged you shall take the covenant.

Care. No, I never swear when I am bid.

Ruth. But you would do as bad.

Care. That's not against my principles.

Ruth. Thank you for your fair opinion, good Sig-

nior Principle. There lies your way, sir. However, I will own so much kindness for you, that I repent not the civility I have done, to free you from the trouble you were like to fall into; make me a leg, if you please, and cry, thank you; and so the gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself, she being taught a right understanding of you.

Care. No: I am rivetted; nor shall you march off thus with flying colours. My pretty commander in chief, let us parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuously the true state of our treaty. The business in short is this: we differ seemingly upon two evils, and mine the least; and therefore to be chosen. You had better take me, than I take the covenant.

Ruth. We'll excuse one another.

Care. You would not have me take the covenant, then?

Ruth. No; I did but try you. I forgive your idle looseness for that firm virtue. Be constant to your fair principles, in spite of fortune.

Care. What's this got into petticoats?——"But, "d'ye hear: I'll not excuse you from my proposi- "tion, notwithstanding my release. Come, we are "half way to a right understanding—Nay, I do love "thee.

"*Ruth.* Love Virtue: you have but here and there "a patch of it; y'are ragged still.

" *Care.* Are you not the Committee Day's daugh-
" ter ?"

Ruth. Yes. What then ?

Care. Then am I thankful. I had no defence against thee and matrimony, but thy own father and mother, which are a perfect committee to my own nature.

" *Ruth.* Why, are you sure I would have match'd
" with a malignant, not a compounder neither ?

" *Care.* Nay, I have made thee a jointure against
" my will. Methinks it were but as reasonable, that
" I should do something for my jointure ; but by the
" way of matrimony, honestly to increase your gene-
" ration, this, to tell you truth, is against my con-
" science.

" *Ruth.* Yet you would beget right understand-
" ings.

" *Care.* Yes, I would have 'em all bastards.

" *Ruth.* And me a whore.

" *Care.* That's a coarse name ; but 'tis not fit a
" Committee-man's daughter should be too honest,
" to the reproach of her father and mother."

Ruth. When the quarrel of the nation is reconciled, you and I shall agree : 'till when, sir———

Enter TEAGUE.

Teague. Are you here then ? Upon my shoul, the good colonel Blunt is overtaken again now, and carried to the devil, " that he is, i'faith now."

Care. How, taken and carried to the devil!

Teague. He desired to go to the devil, I wonder of my shoul he was not afraid.

Care. I understand it now. What mischief's this?

Ruth. You seem troubled, sir.

Care. I have but a life to lose, that I am weary of. Come, Teague.

Ruth. Hold, you shan't go before I know the business. What d'ye talk of?

Care. My friend, my dearest friend, is caught up by rascally bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-tavern. Pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

Care. Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may serve your friend.

Enter ARBELLA.

O Arbella, I was going to see you.

Arb. What's the matter?

Ruth. The colonel which thou lik'st is taken by bailiffs; there's his friend too, almost distracted. You know the mercy of these times.

Arb. What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

Ruth. Compose yourself, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to smile upon Abel, and get him to bail him.

Enter ABEL *and* OBADIAH.

Arb. Look where he and Obadiah come; sent hither by Providence——Oh, Mr. Abel, where have you been this long time? Can you find of your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Assuredly some important affairs constrained my absence, as Obadiah can testify, bona fide.

Teague. The devil brake your bones a Friday.

Ob. I can do so, verily, myself being a material party.

Care. Pox on 'em, how slow they speak.

Teague. Speak faster.

Arb. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight; I'll not be satisfied with your bona fide's. I have some occasions that call me to go a little way; you shall e'en go with me, and good Obadiah too. You shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. It is not meet I should. I am exceedingly exalted. Obadiah, thou shalt have the best bargain of all my tenants.

Ob. I am thankful.

"*Care.* What may this mean?" [*Aside.*

Arb. Ruth, how shall we do to keep thy swift mother from pursuing us?

Ruth. Let me alone: as I go to the parlour, where she sits, big with expectation, I'll give her a whisper, that we are going to fetch the very five hundred pounds.

Arb. How can that be?

Ruth. No question now. Will you march, sir?

Care. Whither?

Ruth. Lord, how dull these men in love are!—Why, to your friend. No more words.

"*Care.* I will stare upon thee, though."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Colonel BLUNT *brought in by Bailiffs.*

1 *Bailiff.*

AY, ay, we thought how well you'd get bail.

Blunt. Why, you unconscionable rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some fees? I'll perish in a dungeon, before I'll give you a farthing.

1 *Bail.* Choose, choose. Come, along with him.

Blunt. I'll not go your pace neither, rascals; I'll go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest gentleman.

"1 *Bail.* Very well, surly sir; we will carry you
"where you shall not be troubled what pace to walk;
"you'll find a large bill. Blood is dear.

"*Blunt.* Not yours, is it?—a farthing a pint were
"very dear for the best blood you have."

Enter ARBELLA, RUTH, ABEL, *Colonel* CARELESS, *and* OBADIAH.

1 *Bail.* How now! are these any of your friends?

Blunt. Never, if you see women; that's a rule.

Arb. [*To* Abel.] Nay, you need have no scruple, 'tis a near kinsman of mine. You do not think, I hope, that I would let you suffer—You—that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

Abel. But my mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all, leave to me and Ruth, we'll save you harmless: besides, I cannot marry, if my kinsman be in prison; he must convey my estate, as you appoint; for 'tis all in him. We must please him.

Abel. The consideration of that doth convince me, Obadiah, 'tis necessary for us to set at liberty this gentleman, being a trustee for Mrs. Arbella's estate. Tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will bail this gentleman—and—d'ye hear, tell them who I am.

Ob. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. Abel Day, the first-born of the honourable Mr. Day, chairman of the committee of sequestrations; and I myself by name Obadiah, and clerk to the said honourable committee.

1 *Bail.* Well, sir, we know Mr. Day, and Mr. Abel.

Abel. Yes, that's I; and I will bail this gentleman. I believe you dare not except against the bail: nay, you shall have Obadiah's too, one that the state trusts.

1 *Bail.* With all our hearts, sir.——But there are charges to be paid.

Arb. Here, Obadiah, take this purse and discharge them, and give the bailiffs twenty shillings to drink.

Care. This is miraculous!

1 *Bail.* A brave lady!—I'faith, mistress, we'll drink your health.

Abel. She's to be my wife, as sure as you are here: what say you to that now?

1 *Bail.* [*Aside.*] That's impossible: here's something more in this.—Honourable Mr. Abel, the sheriff's deputy is hard by in another room, if you please to go thither, and give your bail, sir.

Abel. Well, shew us the way, and let him know who I am. [*Exeunt* ABEL, OBADIAH, *and Bailiffs.*

Care. Hark ye, pretty Mrs. Ruth, if you were not a committee-man's daughter, and so consequently against monarchy, two princes should have you and that gentlewoman.

Ruth. No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

Care. Do but swear then, that thou art not the issue of Mr. Day; and, though I know 'tis a lie, I'll be content to be cozened, and believe.

Ruth. Fie, fie; you cann't abide taking of oaths. Look, look, how your friend and mine take aim at one another. Is he smitten?

Care. Cupid has not such another wounded subject; nay, and is vex'd he is in love too. Troth, 'tis partly my own case.

Ruth. Peace! she begins, as need requires.

Arb. You are free, sir.

Blunt. Not so free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it?

Blunt. Nothing, that I'll tell you.

Arb. Why, sir?

Blunt. You'll laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceived me apt to commit such a rudeness? Pray let me know it.

Blunt. Upon two conditions you shall know it.

Arb. Well! make your own laws.

Blunt. First, I thank ye, y'have freed me nobly: pray believe it; you have this acknowledgment from an honest heart, one that would crack a string for you; that's one thing.

Arb. Well! the other.

Blunt. The other is only, that I may stand so ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you; together with your promise, not to call me back: and upon these terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. Careless, come, stand ready, that, at the sign given, we may vanish together.

Ruth. If you please, sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry one, two, three, and away.

Blunt. Be pleased to forbear, good smart gentlewoman: you have leave to jeer when I am gone, and I am just going; by your spleen's leave, a little patience.

Arb. Pr'ythee, peace.

Ruth. I shall contain, sir.

Blunt. That's much for a woman to do.

Arb. Now, sir, perform your promise.

Blunt. Careless, have you done with your woman?

Care. Madam——

Blunt. Nay, I have thanked her already: pr'ythee no more of that dull way of gratitude. Stand ready, man: yet nearer the door. So, now my misfortune

that I promised to discover is, that I love you above my sense or reason. So, farewell, and laugh. Come, Careless.

Care. Ladies, our lives are yours; "be but so "kind as to believe it, till you have something to "command." [*Exeunt.*

Ruth. Was there ever such humour?

Arb. As I live, his confession shews nobly.

Ruth. It shews madly, I am sure. An ill-bred fellow! not endure a woman to laugh at him!

Arb. He's honest, I dare swear.

Ruth. That's more than I dare swear for my colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but want of a good example; I'll make him so.

Arb. But, d'ye hear, Ruth, we were horribly to blame, that we did not enquire where they lodged, under pretence of sending to them about their own business.

Ruth. "Why, thy whimsical colonel discharged "himself off like a gun: there was no time between "the flashing in the pan, and the going off, to ask a "question. But, hark ye," I have an invention upon the old account of the five hundred pounds, which shall make Abel send Obadiah to look 'em.

Arb. Excellent! the trout Abel will bite immediately at that bait. "The message shall be as from "his master Day, senior, to come and speak with "him; they'll think presently 'tis about their com-

" position, and come certainly. In the mean time,
" we'll prepare them with counter expectations."

Enter ABEL *and* OBADIAH.

Ruth. Peace! see where Abel and the gentle 'squire of low degree, Obadiah, approach, having newly entered themselves into bonds.

Arb. Which I'll be sure to tell his mother, if he be ever more troublesome.

Ruth. And that he's turned an errant cavalier, by bailing one of the brood.

Abel. I have, according to your desires, given freedom to your kinsman and trustee. I suppose he doth perceive that you may have power in right of me.

Arb. Good, Mr. Abel, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your authority.

Ruth. O, fie upon't, brother, I did forget to acquaint you with a business before the gentlemen went. O me, what a sieve-like memory have I! 'Twas an important affair too.

Abel. If you discover it to me, I shall render you my opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two gentlemen have repented of their obstinacy, and would now present five hundred pounds to your good honourable mother to stand their friend, that they may be permitted to take the covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew where to send to them.

Abel. That was the want of being us'd to important

affairs. It is ill to neglect the accepting of their conversion, together with their money.

Ruth. Well, there is but one way; " do you send " Obadiah, in your father's name, to desire them " both to come to his house about some business that " will be for their good, but no more; for then they'll " take it ill; for they enjoined us secresy; and when " they come, let us alone:" Obadiah may enquire them out.

Ob. The bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil.

Abel. Hasten thither, good Obadiah, as if you had met my honourable father, and desire them to come unto his house, about an important affair that is for their good.

Ob. I shall use expedition. [*Exit.*

Abel. And we will hasten " home, lest the gentle- " men should be before us, and not know how to ad- " dress their offers; and then we will hasten" our being united in the bonds of matrimony.

Arb. Soft and fair goes far. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Colonels, *and* TEAGUE, *as at the Tavern.*

Care. Did ever man get away so craftily from the thing he lik'd? Terrible business! afraid to tell a woman what she desired to hear. " I pray heartily " that the boys do not come to the knowledge of thy " famous retreat; we shall be followed by those " small birds, as you have seen an owl pursued.

" *Blunt.* I shall break some of their wings then."

Care. To leave a handsome woman; a woman that came to be bound body for body for thee; one that does that which no woman will hardly do again.

Blunt. What's that?

Care. Love thee, and thy blunt humour; a mere chance, man. Come, Teague, give us a song.

Teague. I am a cup too low.

Care. Here, then. [*Gives him a glass.*

Teague. I should like to wet 'tother eye.

Care. Here.

SONG by TEAGUE.

Last Patrick-mass night, 'bove all days in the year,
I set out for London before I got there:
But when I took leave of my own natural shore,
O, whillil-a-lu, I did screech, bawl, and roar.

I did wake in the morning, while yet it was night,
And cou'd not see one bit of land, but was quite out of sight;
So, with tumbling and tossing, and jolting poor Teague,
My stomach was sea-sick in less than a league.

At Chester, to show my high birth, and great mind,
I took a place in the coach, but walk'd in it behind;
The seas they did roar, and the winds were uncivil,
And, upon my soul, I thought we were all blown to the devil.

At Coventry next, where you see peeping Tom,
Who was kill'd for a look at the Duchess's bum;

But when her grace rid on her saddle all bare,
Devil burn me, no wonder that old Snob did stare.

" *Blunt.* You practise your wit to no purpose; I " am not to be persuaded to lie still, like a jack-a- " lent, to be cast at; I had rather be a whisp hung " up for a woman to scold at, than a fix'd lover for " 'em to point at. Your squib began to hiss."

Enter OBADIAH.

Care. Peace, man, here's Jupiter's Mercury. Is his message to us, trow?

Ob. Gentlemen, you are opportunely overtaken and found out.

Blunt. How's this?

Ob. I come unto you in the name of the honourable Mr. Day, who desires to speak with you both about some important affair, which is conducing for your good.

Blunt. What train is this?

Care. Peace, let us not be rash.——Teague!

Teague. Eh!

Care. Were it not possible that you could entertain this fellow in the next room till he were pretty drunk? [*Aside.*

Teague. I warrant you, I will make him and myself too drunk, for thy sweet sake.

Care. Be sure, Teague.——Some business, that will take us up a very little time to finish, makes us desire your patience till we dispatch it. In the mean

time, sir, do us the favour as to call for a glass of sack in the next room: Teague shall wait upon you, and drink your master's health.

Ob. It needeth not; nor do I use to drink healths.

Care. None but your master's, sir, and that by way of remembrance.

Ob. We, that have the affairs of state under our tuition, cannot long delay; my presence may be required for carrying on the work.

Care. Nay, sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an hour; perhaps we'll wait upon you to Mr. Day presently. Pray, sir, drink but one glass or two; we would wait upon you ourselves, but that would hinder us from going with you.

Ob. Upon that consideration I shall attend a little.

Care. Go wait upon him—Now, Teague, or never.

Teague. I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my shoul. [*Exeunt* Teague *and* Obadiah.

Blunt. What a devil should this message mean?

Care. 'Tis too plain; this cream of committee rascals, who has better intelligence than a state-secretary, has heard of his son Abel's being hamper'd in the cause of the wicked, and in revenge would entice us to perdition.

Blunt. If Teague could be so fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

" *Care.* If the close-hearted rogue will not be open-
" mouth'd, we'll leave him pawn'd for all our scores,
" and stuff his pockets with blank commissions.

" *Blunt.* Only fill up one with his master's name.

" *Care.* And another with his wife's name for ad-
" jutant-general, together with a bill of ammunition
" hid under Day's house, and make it be digged down
" with scandal of delinquency. A rascal, to think to
" invite us into Newgate!

" *Blunt.* Well, we must resolve what to do.

" *Care.* I have a fancy come into my head, that
" may produce an admirable scene.

" *Blunt.* Come, let's hear?

" *Care.* 'Tis upon supposition that Teague makes
" him drunk; and, by the way, 'tis a good omen that
" we have no sober apparition in that wavering pos-
" ture of frailty; we'll send him home in a sedan,
" and cause him to be delivered in that good-natured
" condition to the ill-natured rascal his master.

" *Blunt.* It will be excellent. How I pray for
" Teague to be victorious!"

Enter Musician.

Mus. Gentlemen, will you have any music?

Blunt. Pr'ythee, no; we are out of tune.

Care. Pish, we never will be out of humour.

Enter TEAGUE *and* OBADIAH *drunk.*

" See and rejoice where Teague with laurel comes."

Blunt. And the vanquished Obadiah, with nothing fixed about him but his eyes.

Teague. Well now, upon my shoul, Mr. Obadiah sings as well as the man now. Come then, will you sing an Irish song after me?

Ob. I will sing Irish for the king now.

Teague. I will sing for the king as well as you. Hark you now!

[*He sings an Irish song, and* Obadiah *tries.*

SONG.

Oh, Teady-foley, you are my darling,
You are my looking-glass, both night and morning;
I had rather have you without a farthing,
Than Bryan Gaulichar, with his house and garden.
La, ral, lidy.

O, Norah, agra, I do not doubt you,
And for that reason I kiss and mouth you;
And if there was ten and twenty about you,
Devil burn me, if I wou'd go without you.
La, ral, lidy.

Ob. That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these material matters.

Teague. Here now, we will take some snuff for the king——So, there, lay it upon your hand; put one of your noses to it now; so, snuff now. Upon my shoul, Mr. Obad. Commit. will make a brave Irishman. Put this in your other nose.

Ob. I will snuff for the king no more. Good Mr. Teague, give me some more sack, and sing English, for my money.

Teague. I will tell you that Irish is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance. Can you play an Irish tune? [*Dance,* Obadiah *tumbles down.*

Teague. Obid, Obid! upon my soul I believe he's dead.

Care. Dead!

Teague. Dead drunk. Poor Obid is sick, and I will mull him some wine—I will put some spice in't. [*Puts some snuff into the funnel.*] Now I will howl over him as they do in Ireland: Oh, oh, oh.

Care. Peace, Teague, you'll alarm the enemy.—Here's a shilling, call a chair, and let them carry him in this condition to his kind master. If you meet the ladies, say we would speak with them at the Lieutenant's.

Teague. Give me the thirteen, and I will give him an Irish sedan.

Care. How's that?

Teague. This way.

[*Takes him by the heels, and draws him off.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. DAY *and Mrs.* DAY.

Mrs. Day. Dispatch quickly, I say, and say I said it; many things fall between the lip and the cup.

Mr. Day. Nay, duck, let thee alone for counsel. Ah, if thou hadst been a man!

Mrs. Day. Why then you would have wanted a woman, and a helper too.

Mr. Day. I profess so I should, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. Day. Come, come, you are wand'ring from the matter; dispatch the marriage, I say, whilst she is thus taken with our Abel. Women are uncertain.

Mr. Day. How if she should be coy?

Mrs. Day. You are at your *ifs* again; if she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to: no Abel, no land. Plain dealing's a jewel. Have you the writings drawn, as I advised you, which she must sign?

Mr. Day. Ay, I warrant you, duck; here, here they be. Oh, she has a brave estate!

Mrs. Day. What news you have!

Mr. Day. Look you, wife——

[Day *pulls out writings, and lays out his keys.*

Mrs. Day. Pish, teach your grannum to spin; let me see.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. May it please your honour, your good neighbour Zachariah is departing this troublesome life: he has made your honour his executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your honours.

Mr. Day. Alas! alas! a good man will leave us. Come, good duck, let us hasten. Where is Obadiah, to usher you?

Mrs. Day. Why, Obadiah!—A varlet, to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my wrath. Come, husband, along; I'll take Abel in his place.

[*Exeunt.*

THE COMMITTEE.

Abel. *And so I bid you heartily farewell.*

Act 4. *Scene 1.*

Graham pinxt *Lency scalp*

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, July 28 1792.

Enter RUTH *and* ARBELLA.

Arb. What's the meaning of this alarm? There's some carrion discover'd; the crows are all gone upon a muster.

Ruth. The sly *Jews* call'd most fiercely for Obadiah. Look here, Ruth, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live, it is the Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely:——well——if thou hast any nimble, now's the time.

Arb. To do what.

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt.

Enter ABEL.

Arb. Peace, we are betray'd [illegible] be, wench, he's come back for [illegible]

Ruth. We'll forswear 'em in [illegible] no less confident countenances.

Abel. An important affair [illegible] able father and mother forth, [illegible] Obadiah I am enforced to attend [illegible] "therefore I conceiv'd it right and [illegible] "you with it, lest, in my absence, you [illegible] "apprehended that some mischance had [illegible] "person: therefore I desire you to receive [illegible] "tion:" and so I bid you heartily farewell.

Arb. Given from his nineth [illegible] —He put me in a cruel fright.

"*Ruth.* As I live, I'm ail over [illegible] "hangs about a still when 'tis first set a-going, but

don. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, July 1st, 1792.

Enter RUTH *and* ARBELLA.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this alarm? There's some carrion discover'd; the crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The she Day call'd most fiercely for Obadiah. Look here, Ruth, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live, it is the Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely:——well——if thou hast any mettle, now's the time.

Arb. To do what.

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt.

Enter ABEL.

Arb. Peace, we are betray'd else; as sure as can be, wench, he's come back for the keys.

Ruth. We'll forswear 'em in confident words, and no less confident countenances.

Abel. An important affair hath call'd my honourable father and mother forth, and in the absence of Obadiah I am enforced to attend their honours; "and "therefore I conceiv'd it right and meet to acquaint "you with it, lest, in my absence, you might have "apprehended that some mischance had befallen my "person: therefore I desire you to receive consola- "tion:" and so I bid you heartily farewell. [*Exit.*

Arb. Given from his mouth this 10th of April. —He put me in a cruel fright.

"*Ruth.* As I live, I'm all over in such a dew as "hangs about a still when 'tis first set a going; but

" this is better and better: there never was such an " opportunity to break prison. I know the very " places, the holes in his closet, where the compo- " sition of your estate lies, and where the deeds of " my own estate lie. I have cast my eye upon them " often, when I have gone up to him on errands, and " to call him to dinner."—If I miss, hang me.

Arb. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To a friend of mine, and of my father's, that lives near the Temple, and will harbour us, fear not; and so set up for ourselves, and get our colonels.

Arb. Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the condition we are in, makes me as ready as thou art. Come, let's about it.

Ruth. Stay; do you stand centinel here. That's the closet window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any news of the enemy.

[*Exit.*

Arb. I warrant thee.—" May but this departing " brother have so much string of life left him, as " may tie this expecting Day to his bed-side, till we " have committed this honest robbery"———Hark! what's that——this apprehension can make a noise when there is none.

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em; nay the whole co- vey, and his seal at arms bearing a dog's leg. [*Above.*

Arb. Come, make haste then.

" *Ruth.* As I live, here's a letter counterfeited " from the king, to the rascal his rebellious subject

" Day; with a remembrance to his discreet wife.
" Nay, what dost thou think these are? I'll but cast
" my eye upon these papers, that were schismatical,
" and lay in separation: What dost think they are?

" *Arb.* I can't tell. Nay, pr'ythee come away.

" *Ruth.* Out upon the precise baboon! they are
" letters from two wenches; one for an increase of
" salary to maintain his unlawful issue; another
" from a wench that had more conscience than he,
" and refus'd to take the physic that he prescrib'd to
" take away a natural tympany.

" *Arb.* Nay, pr'ythee dispatch.

" *Ruth.* Here be abundance more. Come, run
" up, and help me carry 'em. We'll take the whole
" index of his rogueries: we shall be furnish'd with
" such arms, offensive and defensive, that we shall
" never need sue to him for a league. Come, make
" haste.

" *Arb.* I come."

Enter TEAGUE, *with* OBADIAH *on his back.*

Teague. Long life to you, madam; my master is at Lieutenant Story's, and wants to speak to you, and that dear creature too.

Arb. and Ruth. Conduct us to him.

Teague. Oh, that I will—Come along, and I will follow you. [*Exeunt all but* Obadiah.

Ob. Some small beer, good Mr. Teague.

Enter as return'd, Mr. DAY, *Mrs.* DAY, *and* ABEL.

Mr. Day. He made a good end, and departed as unto sleep.

Mrs. Day. I'll assure you his wife took on grievously; I do not believe she'll marrry this half year.

Mr. Day. He died full of exhortation. Ha, duck, shouldst be sorry to lose me?

Mrs. Day. Lose you! I warrant you you'll live as long as a better thing——Ah, Lord, what's that?

[Obadiah *sings.*

Mr. Day. How now! what's this? How!——Obadiah——and in a drunken distemper assuredly!

Mrs. Day. O, fie upon't! who would have believ'd that we should have liv'd to have seen Obadiah overcome with the creature.——Where have you been, sirrah?

Ob. D—d—drinking the ki—ki—king's health.

Mr. Day. O terrible! some disgrace put upon us, and shame brought within our walls. I'll go lock up my neighbour's will, and come down and shew him a reproof.——How——how——I cannot feel my keys——nor——[*He feels in his pockets, and leaps up.*]——I hear 'em jingle.——Didst thou see my keys, duck?

Mrs. Day. Duck me no ducks.——I see your keys! see a fool's head of your own! Had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth coming. You are so slappish, you throw 'em up and down at your tail.

Why don't you go look if you have not left them in the door?

Mr. Day. I go, I go, duck. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Day. Here, Abel, take up this fallen creature, who has left his uprightness; carry him to a bed, and when he is return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly overwhelmed.

[*Goes to lift him up.*

Ob. Stand away, I say, and give me some sack, that I may drink a health to the king. [*Sings Teady Foley.*] Where's Mr. Teague!

Enter Mr. DAY.

Mr. Day. Undone, undone! robb'd, robb'd! the doors left open, and all my writings and papers stolen! Undone, undone!——Ruth, Ruth!

Mrs. Day. Why Ruth, I say! Thieves, thieves!

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, forsooth? Here has been no thieves: I have not been a minute out of the house.

Mrs. Day. Where's Ruth, and Mrs. Arbella?

Serv. I have not seen them a pretty while.

Mr. Day. 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the writings of both their estates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. Day. This came with staying for you, [*To Abel.*] coxcomb, we had come back sooner else:

you slow drone, we must be undone for your dull-ness.

Ob. Be not in wrath.

Mrs. Day. I'll wrath you, ye rascal you. I'll teach you, you drunken rascal, and you sober dull man.

Ob. Your feet are swift and violent; their motion will make them fume.

Mrs. Day. D'ye lie too, ye drunken rascal?

Mr. Day. Nay, patience, good duck, and let's lay out for these women; they are the thieves.

Mrs. Day. 'Twas you that left your keys upon the table to tempt them: ye need cry, good duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken rascal, ye booby: when he is sober, he may discover something. Come, take him up; I'll have 'em hunted.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs.* Day.

Abel. I rejoice yet, in the midst of my sufferings, that my mistress saw not my rebukes. Come, Obadiah, I pray raise yourself upon your feet, and walk.

Ob. Have you taken the covenant? That's the question.

Abel. Yea.

Ob. And will you drink a health to the king? That's t'other question.

Abel. Make not thyself a scorn.

Ob. Scorn in my face! Void, young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

Ob. Stand off, and you shall perceive by my steadfast going, that I am not drunk. Look ye now—so,

softly, softly; gently, good Obadiah, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in drink. So, gently and uprightly, Obadiah.

[*He moves his legs, but stands still.*

Abel. You do not move.

Ob. Then do I stand still, as fast you go.

Enter Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. Day. What, stay all day! There's for you, sir; [*To* Abel.] you are a sweet youth to leave in trust. Along, you drunken rascal; [*To* Obadiah.] I'll set you both forward.

Ob. The Philistines are upon us, and Day has broke loose from darkness; high keeping has made her fierce. [*She beats them off.*

Mrs. Day. Out, you drunken rascal: I'll make you move, you beast. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

"*Enter Bookseller and Bailiffs, having laid hold on* TEAGUE.

"*Bookseller.*

"COME along, sir; I'll teach you to take cove-
"nants.

"*Teague.* Will you teach me then? Did not I take
"it then? Why will you teach me now?

"*Book.* You shall pay dearly for the blows you

" struck me, my wild Irish; by St. Patrick, you " shall.

" *Teague.* What have you now to do with St. Pa- " trick? he will scorn your covenant.

" *Book.* I'll put you, sir, where you shall have " worse liquor than your bonny-clabber.

" *Teague.* Bonny-clabber! By my gossip's hand " now, you are a rascal if you do not love bonny- " clabber; and I will break your pate if you will not " let me go to my master.

" *Book.* O, you are an impudent rascal. Come, " away with him.

" *Enter Colonel* CARELESS.

" *Care.* How now!—hold, my friend; whither do " you carry my servant?

" *Book.* I have arrested him, sir, for striking me, " and taking away my books.

" *Care.* What has he taken away?

" *Book.* Nay, the value of the thing is not much; " 'twas the covenant, sir.

" *Teague.* Well, I did take the covenant, and my " master took it from me; and we have taken the co- " venant then, have we not?

" *Care.* Here, honest fellow; here's more than thy " covenant's worth; here, bailiffs, here's for you to " drink.

" *Book.* Well, sir, you seem an honest gentleman; " for your sake, and in hopes of your custom, I re- " lease him.

" 1 *Bail.* Thank ye, noble sir.

[" *Exeunt Book. and Bailiffs.*

Care. " Farewell, my noble friends——so——d'ye " hear, Teague, pray take no more covenants."—— Have you paid the money I sent you with?

Teague. Yes, but I will carry no more, look you there, now.

Care. Why, Teague?

Teague. God sa' my shoul now, I shall run away with it.

Care. Pish, thou art too honest.

Teague. That I am too upon my shoul now; but the devil is not honest, that he is not; he would not let me alone when I was going; but he made me go to this little long place, and t'other little long place; and upon my shoul was carrying me to Ireland, for he made me go by a dirty place like a lough now; and therefore I know now it was the way to Ireland. Then I would stand still, and then he would make me go on; and then I would go to one side, and he would make me go to t'other side; and then I got a little farther, and did run then; and upon my shoul the devil could not catch me; and then I did pay the money: but I will carry no money, that I will not.

Care. But thou sha't, Teague, when I have more to send; thou art proof now against temptation.

Teague. Well then, if you send me with money again, and if I do not come to thee upon the time,

the devil will make me begone then with the money. Here's a paper for thee, 'tis a quit way indeed.

Care. That's well said, Teague——— [*Reads.*

Enter Mr. DAY, OBADIAH, *and Soldiers.*

Ob. See, sir, providence hath directed us; there is one of them that clothed me with shame, and the most malignant amongst the wicked.

Mr. Day. Soldiers, seize him. I charge him with treason! Here's a warrant to the keeper, as I told you.

" 1 *Sold.* Nay, no resistance."

Care. What's the matter, rascals?

Mr. Day. You shall know that, to your cost, hereafter. Away with him.

Care. Teague, tell 'em I shall not come home to-night. I am engag'd.

Teague. I pr'ythee ben't engag'd.

Care. Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. Day. That will appear, sir.——Away with him.

Teague. What will you do with my master, now?

Mr. Day. Be quiet, sir, or you shall go with him.

Teague. That I will, for all you, you old fool.

Care. Teague, come hither.

Teague. Sir?

Care. Here, take this key, open my bureau, and

burn all the papers you find there; and here, burn this letter.

Teague. Pray, give me that pretty clean letter, to send to my mother.

Care. No, no; be sure to do as I tell you.

Mr. Day. Away with him. We will be aveng'd on the scorner; and I'll go home, and tell my duck this part of my good fortune. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chairmen with Sedans, Women come out.

" *Ruth.* So far we are right.—Now, honest fellow, " step over, and tell the two gentlemen, that we two " women desire to speak with them.

Enter Colonel BLUNT, *and Lieutenant.*

" *Chair.* See, mistress, here's one of them."

Ruth. That's thy colonel, Arbella; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

Arb. What should I do?

Ruth. Put forth some good words, " as they use to " shake oats, when they go to catch a skittish jade." Advance.

Arb. Sir.

Blunt. Lady?——'Tis she.

Arb. I wish, sir, that my friend and I had some conveniency of speaking to you; we now want the assistance of some noble friend.

Blunt. Then I am happy:——Bring me but to do something for you. I would have my actions talk, not I. My friend will be here immediately; I dare speak

for him too—Pardon my last confusion; but what I told you, was as true as if I had staid—

Ruth. To make affidavit of it.

Blunt. Good, over-charg'd gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

Arb. Pr'ythee, peace. Canst thou be merry, and we in this condition?—Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy. If we might withdraw any whither out of sight, I would acquaint you with the business.

Lieu. My house, ladies, is at that door, where both the colonels lodge. Pray, command it. Colonel Careless will immediately be here.

Enter TEAGUE.

Teague. He will not come; that commit rogue Tay has got him with men in red coats, and he is gone to prison here below this street. He would not let me go with him, i'faith, but made me come till thee now.

Ruth. O, my heart!—Tears, by your leave, a while. —[*Wipes her eyes.*] D'ye hear, Arbella, here, take all the trinkets, only the bait that I'll use; "accept of "this gentleman's house, there let me find thee; I'll "try my skill—Nay, talk not. [*Exit.*

Blunt. Careless in prison! Pardon me, madam; I must leave you for a little while; pray be confident; "this honest friend of mine will use you with all re-"spects till I return."

Arb. What do you mean to do, sir?

Blunt. I cannot tell: yet I must attempt something.

You shall have a sudden account of all things. You say you dare believe: pray be as good as your word: and whatever accident befals me, know I love you dearly. " Why do you weep?

" *Arb.* Do not run yourself into a needless danger.

" *Blunt.* How! d'ye weep for me? Pray let me
" see. Never woman did so before, that I know of.
" I am ravish'd with it. The round gaping earth
" ne'er suck'd showers so greedily as my heart drinks
" these. Pray, if you love me, be but so good and
" kind as to confess it.

" *Arb.* Do not ask what you may tell yourself.

" *Blunt.* I must go; honour and friendship call me.
" Here, dear lieutenant, I never had a jewel but this;
" use it as right ones should be used; do not breathe
" upon it, but gaze as I do—hold—one word more.
" The soldier that you often talk'd of to me is still
" honest?

" *Lieu.* Most perfectly.

" *Blunt.* And I may trust him?

" *Lieu.* With your life.

" *Blunt.* Enough—Pray let me leave my last looks
" fix'd upon you——So; I love you, and am honest.
" Be careful, good lieutenant, of this treasure—she
" weeps still—I cannot go, and yet I must." [*Exit.*

Lieu. Madam, pray let my house be honour'd with you. Be confident of all respect and faith.

" *Arb.* What uncertainties pursue my love and for-
" tune!" [*Exeunt.*

Enter RUTH, *with a Soldier.*

Ruth. Come, give me the bundle; so, now the habit. 'Tis well; there's for your pains. Be secret, and wait where I appointed you.

Sold. If I fail, may I die in a ditch. [*Exit.*

Ruth. Now for my wild colonel. "First, here's a "note, with my Lady Day's seal to it, for his re- "lease; if that fails (as he that shoots at these ras- "cals must have two strings to his bow), then here's "my red coat's skin to disguise him, and a string to "draw up a ladder of cords, which I have prepared "against it grows dark. One of them will hit sure. "I must have him out; and I must have him, when "he is out. I have no patience to expect." Within there—ho!—

Enter Keeper.

Ruth. Have not you a prisoner, sir, in your custody, one Colonel Careless?

Keep. Yes, mistress; and committed by your father, Mr. Day.

"*Ruth.* I know it; but there was a mistake in it. "Here's a warrant for his delivery, under his hand "and seal.

"*Keep.* I would willingly obey it, mistress; but "there's a general order come from above, that all "the king's party should be kept close, and none re- "leas'd, but by the state's order.

" *Ruth.* This goes ill."—May I speak with him, sir?

Keep. Very freely, mistress: there's no order to forbid any to come to him. To say truth, 'tis the most pleasant'st gentleman—I'll call him forth. [*Exit.*

Ruth. O' my conscience, every thing must be in love with him. Now for my last hopes; if this fail, I'll use the ropes myself.

Enter Keeper *and* CARELESS.

Care. Mr. Day's daughter speak with me?

Keep. Ay, sir, there she is. [*Exit.*

Ruth. O, sir, does the name of Mr. Day's daughter trouble you? You love the gentlewoman, but hate his daughter.

Care. Yes, I do love the gentlewoman you speak of most exceedingly.

Ruth. And the gentlewoman loves you. But what luck this is, that Day's daughter should ever be with her, to spoil all!

Care. Not a whit, one way; I have a pretty room within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what?

Care. For you and I to give counter-security for our kindness to one another.

Ruth. But Mr. Day's daughter will be there, too.

Care. 'Tis dark; we'll ne'er see her.

Ruth. You care not who you are wicked with. Methinks a prison should tame you.

" *Care.* Why, d'ye think a prison takes away blood

" and sight? As long as I am so qualified, I am " touch-wood; and whenever you bring fire, I shall " fall a burning.

" *Ruth.* And you would quench it.

" *Care.* And you shall kindle it again.

" *Ruth.* No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to " a coal, black as dishonest love."

Care. Is this your business? Did you come to disturb my contemplations with a sermon? Is this all?

Ruth. One thing more—I love you, it's true; but I love you honestly. If you know how to love me virtuously, I'll free you from prison, and run all fortunes with you.

Care. Yes, I could love thee all manner of ways; " if I could not, freedom were no bait; were it from " death, I should despise your offer, to bargain for a " lie"—But——

Ruth. " Oh noble!"—But what?

Care. The name of that rascal that got thee. Yet I lie too; he ne'er got a limb of thee. Pox on't, thy mother was as unlucky to bear thee. But how shall we salve that? Take off but these incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in thy smock; but to have such a flaw in my title——

Ruth. Can I help nature?

Care. Or I honour? Why, hark you, now; do but swear me into a pretence; do but betray me with an oath, that thou wert not begot on the body of Gillian, my father's kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that?

Care. Why, the honourable Mrs. Day, that now is.

Ruth. Will you believe me, if I swear?

Care. Ay, that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

Ruth. I swear, then, by all that's good, I am not their daughter.

Care. Poor, kind, perjur'd, pretty one, I am beholden to thee. Wouldst damn thyself for me?

Ruth. You are mistaken. I have try'd you fully. "You are noble, and I hope you love me. Be ever "firm to virtuous principles." My name is not so godly a one as Ruth, but plain Anne, daughter to Sir Basil Thorowgood; "one, perhaps, that you have "heard of, since in the world he has still had so loud "and fair a character." 'Tis too long to tell you how this Day got me, an infant, and my estate into his power, and made me pass for his own daughter, "my "father dying when I was but two years old. This "I knew but lately, by an unexpected meeting of an "ancient servant of my father's." But two hours since, Arbella and I found an opportunity of stealing away all the writings that belong'd to my estate, and her composition. In our flight we met your friend, with whom I left her, as soon as I had intelligence of your misfortune, to try to get your liberty; which if I can do, you have your estate, for I have mine.

Care. Thou more than——

Ruth. No, no, no raptures at this time. Here's your disguise, purchas'd from a true-hearted red-coat. "Here's a bundle." Let this line down when

'tis almost dark, and you shall draw up a ladder of ropes. " If the ladder of ropes be done sooner, I'll " send it by a soldier that I dare trust, and you may. " Your window's large enough." As soon as you receive it, come down; " if not, when 'tis dark, let " down your line," and at the bottom of the window you shall find yours, more than her own, not Ruth, but Anne.

Care. I'll leap into thy arms——

Ruth. So you may break your neck. If you do, I'll jump too. But time steals on our words—Observe all I have told you. So, farewell.

Care. Nay, as the good fellows use to say, let us not part with dry lips——One kiss.

Ruth. Not a bit of me, 'till I am all yours.

Care. Your hand, then, to shew I am grown reasonable. A poor compounder.

Ruth. Pish! there's a dirty glove upon't.——

" *Care.* Give me but any naked part, and I'll kiss " it as a snail creeps, and leave sign where my lips " slid along——

" *Ruth.* Good snail, get out of your hole first: " think of your business. So, fare——"

Care. Nay, pr'ythee be not asham'd that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid, I am a man; but I'm as arrant a rogue as thy quondam father Day, if I could not cry to leave thee a brace of minutes.

Ruth. Away; we grow foolish—farewell—yet, be careful——Nay, go in.

Care. Do you go first.

Ruth. Nay, fie, go in.

Care. We'll fairly then divide the victory, and draw off together.—So—I will have the last look.

[*Exeunt severally, looking at one another.*

Enter Colonel BLUNT, *and Soldier.*

Blunt. No more words. I do believe, nay, I know thou art honest. I may live to thank thee better.

Sol. I scorn any encouragement to love my king, or those that serve him. I took pay under these people with a design to do him service. The lieutenant knows it.

Blunt. He has told me so. No more words. Thou art a noble fellow. Thou art sure his window's large enough?

Sol. Fear it not.

Blunt. Here, then, carry him this ladder of ropes. So; now, give me the coat. Say not a word to him, but bid him dispatch when he sees the coast clear. He shall be waited for at the bottom of his window. Give him thy sword too, if he desires it.

Sol. I'll dispatch it instantly; therefore get to your place. [*Exit.*

Blunt. I warrant ye.

Enter TEAGUE.

Teague. Have you done every thing then? By my shoul, now, yonder is the man with the hard name; that man, now, that I made drunk for thee; Mr. Tay's rascal. He is coming along there behind; now, upon my shoul, that he is.

Blunt. The rascal comes for some mischief. Teague, now or never play the man.

Teague. How should I be a man, then?

Blunt. Thy master is never to be got out, if this rogue gets hither; meet him therefore, Teague, in the most winning manner thou canst, and make him once more drunk, and it shall be called the Second Edition of Obadiah, put forth with Irish notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee——

Teague. I will carry him upon my back, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his throat then, that I will, for my sweet master now, that I will.

Blunt. Dispatch, good Teague; and dispatch him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more be victorious, bring him in triumph to Lieutenant Story's, there shall be the general rendezvous. Now or never, Teague.

Teague. I warrant you I will get drink into his pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you. He shall not come after you now.

" *Blunt.* Good luck go with thee! [*Exit* Teague.]
" The fellow's faithful and stout; that fear's over.
" Now to my station. [*Exit.*

" *Colonel* CARELESS, *as in Prison.*

" *Care.* The time's almost come: how slow it flut-
" ters. My desires are better winged. How I long
" to counterfeit a faintness when I come to the bot-

" tom, and sink into the arms of this dear witty fair!
" ——Ha, who's this?

" *Enter Soldier.*

" *Sol.* Here, sir, here's a ladder of ropes, fasten it
" to your window, and descend: you shall be wait-
" ed for.

" *Care.* The careful creature has sent it—but, d'ye
" hear, sir, could you not spare that implement by
" your side? it might serve to keep off small curs.

" *Sol.* You'll have no need on't, but there it is;
" make haste, the coast is clear. [*Exit.*

" *Care.* O this pretty she captain-general over my
" soul and body; the thought of her musters every
" faculty I have: she has sent the ropes, and stays
" for me; no dancer of the ropes ever slid down with
" that swiftness, or desire of haste, that I will make
" to thee. [*Exit.*

" *Enter* BLUNT *in his Soldier's Coat.*

" *Blunt.* All's quiet, and the coast clear; so far it
" goes well; that is the window; in this nook I'll
" stand, 'till I see him coming down. [*Steps in.*

" *Colonel* CARELESS *above, in his Soldier's Habit, lets down the Ladder of Ropes, and speaks.*

" *Care.* I cannot see my north star that I must sail
" by; 'tis clouded: perhaps she stands close in some
" corner; I'll not trifle time: all's clear. Fortune,
" forbear thy tricks, but for this small occasion."

Enter BLUNT *and* CARELESS.

Blunt. What's this! a soldier in the place of Careless? I am betray'd, but I'll end this rascal's duty.

Care. How, a soldier!—betray'd! this rascal sha'n't laugh at me. [*Both draw.*

Blunt. Dog.

Care. How, Blunt!

Blunt. Careless!

Care. You guess shrewdly. Plague, what contrivance hath set you and I a tilting at one another?

Blunt. How the devil got you a soldier's habit?

Care. The same friend, for aught I know, that furnish'd you—This kind gentlewoman is Ruth still. Ha, here she is! I was just ready to be suspicious.

Enter RUTH.

Ruth. Who's there?

Care. Two notable charging red-coats.

Ruth. As I live, my heart is at my mouth.

Care. Pr'ythee, let it come to thy lips, that I may kiss it. "What have you in your lap?"

Ruth. "The ladder of ropes:" how in the name of wonder got you hither?

Care. Why, I had the ladder of ropes, and came down by it.

Blunt. Then the mistake is plainer; 'twas I that sent the soldier with the ropes.

Ruth. What an escape was this! Come, let's lose no time; here's no place to explain matters in.

Care. I will stay to tell thee I shall never deserve thee.

Ruth. Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me; "put on your plainest "garb; not like a dancing master, with your toes "out. Come along. [Ruth *pulls their hats over their* "*eyes.*] Hang down your head, as if you wanted "pay.——So." [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. DAY, *Mrs.* DAY, *and Mrs.* CHAT.

Mrs. Day. Are you sure of this, neighbour Chat?

Mrs. Chat. I'm as sure of it as I am that I have a nose to my face.

Mrs. Day. Is my——

Mr. Day. Ay! is my——

Mrs. Day. You may give one leave, methinks, to ask out one question. Is my daughter Ruth with her?

Mrs. Chat. She was not when I saw Mrs. Arbella last. I have not been so often at your honour's house, but that I know Mrs. Arbella, the rich heiress, that Mr. Abel was to have had, good gentleman, if he has his due. They never suspected me; for I used to buy things of my neighbour Story before she married the lieutenant; and stepping in to see Mrs. Story that now is, my neighbour Wish-well that was; I saw, as I told you, this very Mrs. Arbella; and I warrant Mrs. Ruth is not far off.

Mrs. Day. Let me advise then, husband.

Mr. Day. Do, good duck; I'll warrant 'em——

Mrs. Day. You'll warrant, when I have done the business.

Mr. Day. I mean so, duck.

Mrs. Day. Well! pray spare your meaning too. First, then, we'll go ourselves in person to this Story's house, and in the mean time send Abel for soldiers; and when he has brought the soldiers, let them stay at the door, and come up himself; and then, if fair means will not do, foul shall.

Mr. Day. Excellent well advised, sweet duck. Ah! let thee alone. Begone, Abel, and observe thy mother's directions. Remember the place. We'll be reveng'd for robbing us, and for all their tricks.

Abel. I shall perform it.

Mrs. Day. Come along, neighbour, and shew us the best way; "and by and by we shall have news "from Obadiah, who is gone to give the other co- "lonel's gaoler a double charge, to keep the wild "youth close. Come, husband, let's hasten." Mrs. Chat, the state shall know what good service you have done.

Mrs. Chat. I thank your honour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARBELLA *and* Lieutenant.

Lieu. Pray, madam, weep no more! spare your tears till you know they have miscarried.

"*Arb.* 'Tis a woman, sir, that weeps: we want "men's reasons, and their courage to practise with.

"*Lieu.* Look up, madam, and meet your unex- "pected joys!"

Enter RUTH, *Colonel* CARELESS, *and Colonel* BLUNT.

Arb. Oh, my dear friend! my dear, dear Ruth!

Care. Pray, none of these phlegmatic hugs. There, take your colonel; my captain and I can hug afresh every minute.

Ruth. When did we hug last, good soldier?

Care. I have done nothing but hug thee in fancy, ever since you, Ruth, turn'd Annice.

Arb. You are welcome, sir: I cannot deny I shar'd in all your danger.

" *Lieu.* If she had deny'd it, colonel, I would have " betrayed her."

Blunt. I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

" *Arb.* Now, cann't I say I love him; yet I have " a mind to tell him too.

" *Ruth.* Keep't in and choke yourself, or get the " rising of the lights.

" *Arb.* What shall I say?

" *Ruth.* Say something, or he'll vanish.

" *Blunt.* D'ye not believe I love you? or cann't " you love me? Not a word.——Could you—— " but"——

Arb. No more; I'll save you the labour of courtship, which should be too tedious to all plain and honest natures. It is enough; I know you love me.

Blunt. Or may I perish whilst I am swearing it.

Enter 'Prentice.

Lieu. How now, Jack?

'Pren. O master, undone! Here's Mr. Day the Committee-man, and his fierce wife, come into the shop. Mrs. Chat brought them in, and they say they will come up; they know that Mrs. Arbella, and their daughter Ruth, are here. Deny 'em if you dare, they say.

Lieu. Go down, boy, and tell 'em I am coming to 'em. [*Exit 'Prentice.*] "This pure jade, my neighbour "Chat, has betray'd us. What shall I do? I warrant "the rascal has soldiers at his heels. I think I could "help the colonels out at a back door.

"*Blunt.* I'd die rather by my Arbella. Now, you "shall see I love you.

"*Care.* Nor will I, Charles, forsake you, Annice."

Ruth. Come, be cheerful; I'll defend you all against the assaults of captain Day, and major-general Day, his new drawn-up wife. Give me my ammunition, [*To* Arbella.] the papers, woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more graves but one.

Blunt. 'Slife, I love her now, for all she has jeer'd me so.

Ruth. "Go fetch him in, lieutenant. [*Exit Lieutenant.*"] Stand you all drawn up as my reserve—so—I for the forlorn hope.

"*Care.* That we had Teague here! to quarrel with "the female triumphing Day, whilst I threw the male

"Day out of the window. Hark, I hear the troop "marching; I know the she Day's stamp, among the "tramples of a regiment."

Arb. They come, wench; charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a volley.

Ruth. They'll not stand the first charge, fear not; now the Day breaks.

Care. Would 'twere his neck were broke.

Enter Mr. DAY *and Mrs.* DAY.

Mrs. Day. Ah, ha! my fine run-aways, have I found you? What, you think my husband's honour lives without intelligence. Marry, come up.

Mr. Day. My duck tells you how 'tis—We—

Mrs. Day. Why then let your duck tell 'em how 'tis; yet, as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in intelligence: else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the nation quiet; but if you, Mrs. Arbella, will deliver up what you have stolen, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious Ruth.

Ruth. Anne, if you please.

Mrs. Day. Who gave you that name, pray?

Ruth. My godfathers and godmothers; on, forsooth, I can answer a leaf farther.

Mr. Day. Duck, good duck, a word: I do not like this name Annice.

Mrs. Day. You are ever in a fright, with a shri-vell'd heart of your own.—Well, gentlewoman, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of our wardships. I hope Mr. Abel is well.

Mrs. Day. Yes, he is well: you shall see him presently; yes, you shall see him.

Care. That is, with myrmidons. Come, good Anne, no more delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then, before the furious Abel approaches with his red-coats, who, perhaps, are now marching under the conduct of that expert captain in weighty matters, know, the articles of our treaty are only these: this Arbella will keep her estate, and not marry Abel, but this gentleman; and I, Anne, daughter to Sir Basil Thorowgood, and not Ruth, as has been thought, have taken my own estate, together with this gentleman, for better for worse. We were modest, though thieves; only plundered our own.

Mrs. Day. Yes, gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my husband can prove; it may cost you your necks, if you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

Mrs. Day. Oh, did you so?

Ruth: Pray give me leave to speak one word in private with my father Day?

Mr. Day. Do so, do so; are you going to compound? Oh, 'tis father Day, now!

Ruth. D'ye hear, sir; how long is it since you have practis'd physic? [*Takes him aside.*

Mr. Day. Physic! what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean physic.——Look ye, here's a small

prescription of yours. D'ye know this hand-writing?

Mr. Day. I am undone.

Ruth. Here's another upon the same subject. This young one, I believe, came into this wicked world for want of your preventing dose; it will not be taken now neither. It seems your wenches are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more conscience than you have.

Mr. Day. Peace, good Mrs. Anne! I am undone, if you betray me.

Enter ABEL, *goes to his Father.*

Abel. The soldiers are come.

Mr. Day. Go and send 'em away, Abel; here's no need, no need, now.

Mrs. Day. Are the soldiers come, Abel?

Abel. Yes, but my father biddeth me send them away.

Mr. Day. No, not without your opinion, duck; but since they have but their own, I think, duck, if we were all friends——

Mrs. Day. O, are you at your *ifs* again; D'you think they shall make a fool of me, though they make an ass of you? Call 'em up, Abel, if they will not submit; call up the soldiers, Abel.

Ruth. Why, your fierce honour shall know the business that makes the wise Mr. Day inclinable to friendship.

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweetheart, come, I pray let us be friends.

Mrs. Day. How's this! what, am I not fit to be trusted now? Have you built your credit and reputation upon my counsel and labours, and am I not fit now to be trusted?

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet duck, I confess I owe all to thy wisdom. Good gentlemen, persuade my duck that we may be all friends.

Care. Hark you, good Gillian Day, be not so fierce upon the husband of thy bosom; 'twas but a small start of frailty: say it were a wench, or so?

Ruth. As I live, he has hit upon't by chance. Now we shall have sport. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. How, a wench, a wench! out upon the hypocrite. A wench! was not I sufficient? a wench! I'll be reveng'd, let him be ashamed if he will: call the soldiers, Abel.

"*Care.* Stay, good Abel; march not off so hastily."

Arb. Soft, gentle Abel, or I'll discover you are in bonds; you shall never be releas'd if you move a step.

Ruth. D'ye hear, Mrs. Day, be not so furious, hold your peace; you may divulge your husband's shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of authority, nay, and have him tried for his life: read this. Remember too, I know of your bribery and cheating, and something else: you guess. Be friends, and forgive one another. Here's a letter counterfeited from the king, to bestow preferment upon Mr.

Day if he would turn honest; by which means, I suppose, you cozen'd your brother cheats; in which he was to remember his service to you. I believe 'twas your inditing. You are the committee-man. 'Tis your best way, (nay, never demur) to kiss and be friends. Now, if you can contrive handsomely to cozen those that cozen all the world, and get these gentlemen to come by their estates easily, and without taking the covenant, the old sum of five hundred pounds, that I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

Mrs. Day. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, Mrs. Arbella, pray let's all be friends.

Arb. With all my heart.

Ruth. Brother Abel, the bird is flown; but you shall be released from your bonds.

Abel. I bear my afflictions as I may.

Enter TEAGUE, *leading* OBADIAH *in a Halter, and a* Musician.

Teague. What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you Mrs. Tay? Well, I will tell her what I should say now! Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, or think of the mustard-pot.

Care. No, good Teague, there's no need of thy message now; but why dost thou lead Obadiah thus?

Teague. Well, I will hang him presently, that I will. Look you here, Mrs. Tay, here's your man, Obadiah, do you see? he would not let me make

him drunk, so I did take him in this string, and I am going to choke him by the throat.

Blunt. Honest Teague, thy master is beholden to thee, in some measure, for his liberty.

Care. Teague, I shall requite thy honesty.

Teague. Well, shall I hang him then? It is a rogue now, who would not be drunk for the king.

Ob. I do beseech you, gentlemen, let me not be brought unto death.

Teague. You shall be brought to the gallows, you thief o' the world.

Care. No, poor Teague, 'tis enough; we are all friends. Come, let him go.

Teague. Are you all friends? Then here, little Obid, take the string, and go and hang yourself.

" *Care.* D'ye hear, my friend, [*To the Musician.*]
" is any of your companions with you?

" *Mus.* Yes, sir.

" *Care.* As I live, we'll all dance; it shall be the
" celebration of our weddings. Nay, Mr. Day, as
" we hope to continue friends, you and your (uck
" shall trip it too.

" *Teague.* Ay, by my shoul will we; Obadiah shall
" be my woman too, and you shall dance for the
" king, that you shall.

" *Care.* Go, and strike up then: no chiding now,
" Mrs. Day. Come, you must not be refractory for
" once.

" *Mrs. Day.* Well, husband, since these gentlemen

" will have it so, and that they may perceive we are
" friends, dance.

" *Blunt.* Now, Mr. Day, to your business; get it
" done as soon as you will, the five hundred pounds
" shall be ready.

Care. " So, friends;" thanks, honest Teague; thou shalt flourish in a new livery for this. Now, Mrs. Annice, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, Mr. Day,

If you will have good luck in every thing,
Turn cavalier, and cry, God bless the king.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

BUT now the greatest thing is left to do,
More just Committee, to compound with you;
For, till your equal censures shall be known,
The poet's under sequestration:
He has no title to his small estate
Of wit, unless you please to set the rate.
Accept this half year's purchase of his wit,
For in the compass of that time 'twas writ:
Not that this is enough; he'll pay you more,
If you yourselves believe him not too poor:
For 'tis your judgments give him wealth; in this,
He's just as rich as you believe he is.
Would all Committees could have done like you,
Made men more rich, and by their payments too.

THE END.

8.2. (

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Howard, Robert

The Committee a comedy ; adapted for theatrical representation, as performed at the Theatres-Royal, Drury-Lane and Covent Garden ; regulated from the Prompt-Books, by permission of the managers

London 1792

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